TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

When a man is in sound health he does not know that there is any such thing as good health, but in a disinterested sort of way he knows that some people are very sickly and he sympathizes with them more or less. But when the same man gets a headache of his own or takes a mysterious pain under his vest, then he suddenly becomes aware that there is such a thing as round health, a blessed thing, which he possessed until yesterday. Then when the pains take flight and the patient becomes himself again, he for a day feels jubilant at the recovery of a forfeited treasure, and then gradually—sometimes not so very gradually, either—he falls back into his normal condition of robust health and thanklessness. What an ingrate a man must recognize himself to be when he lies in the hospital for a week and sees life cripples and incurables around him, and remembers how little he appreciated his long years of health. A young man should pause and listen to the music of his vigorous blood pulsing through his veins, should feel his heart and note the matchless precision of its movements, should try his chest measure and test his lung expansion, should find the girth of his limbs and the amount of his strength—doing these things not boastfully, but in thankfulness to heaven for such various physical advantages. There are too many healthy people going snapping and snarling through life—men whom you dare not speak to, so unsocial are they; women who indulge in backbiting and spites and all kinds of hatefulness. There are too many of them and this green, sunny earth is turning sour, unlovely and uninhabitable under the inhospitable shadows they throw in all directions. They snarl at you over counters, show their teeth viciously from behind desks where they crouch, galvanize you with a look if you do not lie down on the sidewalk and let them walk over you when in a hurry, and growl and bellow like animals if you force them to share with you a little of the inconveniences of a crowded car. There is not enough good spirit, not enough heartiness, these days. I like that little rhyme by S. W. Foss:

> When you see a man in woe,
> Walk right up and say hello;
> Say hello and how-d'y' do
> An' how's the world a-goin' you!

This would be twice as good a world to live in now if some infernal demon had not long ago devised the smile as a polite improvement upon the laugh which God put in the human throat. The smile is the counterfeit of the laugh, a cheap and easy counterfeit, which has almost displaced the sterling article, and such a fraud perpetuated through generations could not fail to produce some result. It has resulted in making good humor as rare as a loud laugh and as unreliable as the most fashionable smile.

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Some people read character by means of the laugh, but theirs is a false alphabet invented by the grim and dusky father of deceitful smiles. They pretend to say that the guffaw is ominous. It is an unfailing sign of generosity and strength, that's what it is. They say it proves lack of culture—no wonder if it did, since they have for centuries been cultivating the guffaw out of existence. It is bad form according to the form, which was originally devised and since maintained by men who never had a good, honest guffaw amongst them. Still, there are among the smilers noble and good men, who sacrifice a point to custom, although equipped with all the best modern machinery for laughing guffaws. They refrain, but is such self-repression justifiable? Is it not a sin? It does not matter how a man laughs so long as he is heard from in peals strong and frequent, but there is none like the laugh heard reverberating through a man's own house, and dancing around the windows trying to burst out until the great sides of the building fairly shake with the internal merriment, and pedestrians stop on the sidewalk and laugh to think of it. No harm in spreading such a contagion as that. I am not praising the laugh which is heard in the parlor when friends are being entertained, nor that heard on the front steps when a cranky husband is talking as nice as you please to the neighbors, while his wife is sitting lonely and discouraged inside. That kind of a laugh will never send out ripples to wash a frown from any face. Such men should smile, not laugh. I reject them; they encumber and sadly embarrass my theory. There is no man so contemptible as he who wastes all his sweetness on strangers who would as cheerfully count the passing coaches at his funeral as at his wedding, and then turns from these strangers and bristles with every kind of selfishness towards those within the family. A man of this sort cannot escape detection if he allows anyone ever to enter his home, for the furniture and the pictures on the wall seem to stare at him in amazement, and say as plain as words: "Well, blessed if he isn't a hypocrite! Just to see him slinging it on, now! The old snarly-cat."

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Your home is like your health, unappreciated until lost. Those who never had one struggle to secure one, and those who have lost one try to find another; but those who have good ones seldom bother thinking of their value. Politics, business, friendships, any small cord is strong enough to draw one away all day and half the night. When home, it is to sleep; you must not be disturbed, and if you remain home Sunday it is to recover some of the sleep lost during the week. And this goes on until some day you come home and find that the place is no longer what it was. A patient face has vanished, a familiar figure has gone, a life has ended. The residence is a shell, the inside furnishings are shabby nonsense to you then. In business you find you have lost the unconscious impetus to your energy. Nor in politics can forgetfulness be found, while friendships reveal at last their shallow depths. With a truer eye you see the comparative proportions of a man's relations in life, and the home rises up miles higher and broader than all else. But alas, it is the despoiled home, marred forever and half-wrecked, to which you turn and its present desolateness reproaches your long neglect of it. When it was there in its completeness you roamed about the town in search of things to interest you, while you neglected its charming possibilities. It is the same in the city, where men rush to clubs, theaters and lodges, and in the country where every spare moment is spent in the store or the hotel at the four corners. A certain smart variety of men whose ideal pleasure is a sort of polite riot on good liquor and dainty victuals in some night bird's gilded nest, think fit to mock the tame, hum-drum man who has such immaculate notions on the virtue of the home that he refuses to risk carrying into it on his garments the taint of ignoble resorts. A worldly man who is up to date—that is, a human peach whose bloom has been forever rubbed off by coarse and begrimed hands—has need to over-persuade himself of the delights derived from his vagrancies, for he has missed the subtlest satisfaction in life, the consciousness of having carried no blemish into a pure home. He has not fulfilled his highest capacity; he has not dared to have a confidential communion between an open heart and an honest hearth.

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People are divided as to whether or no there is any such thing as luck. If not, there is certainly something which answers the purpose. I know a man who works all day in a shop and who therefore has not the opportunities for walking around the streets that some enjoy, yet he is forever finding money on the pavement. He tells me that about twenty different times he has found a one or a two dollar bill, and these finds are becoming more frequent each year. In an aggrieved voice he complained to me that he never yet found a ten dollar bill and only once did he find a five—always the same miserable little one or two. Every time he stoops to pick up a bill he eagerly opens it in hopes that it will be a ten, but no, it is a one, and he curses his hard luck and is out of temper for the rest of the day. He considers luck is dead set against him. I once found a five cent piece and in order to propitiate luck immediately spent fifty cents with my friends to celebrate the occasion, and was very thankful, but have never found a red cent since. Perhaps if, like the angry finder of one dollar bills, I had cursed my luck because the nickel was not a quarter, I might have got along better. The hard case of this unfortunate fellow who finds one dollar bills tripping him up wherever he goes, but never a ten, is enough to evoke tears of sympathy. Surely it proves that there is such a thing as hard luck. Two men will start out from opposite ends of the city to apply for the same job; the street car running off the track will delay one of them, while the other rolls down without interruption and secures the position. If that delay had not happened the result would have been different—a different family in another part of the city would have starved. Even men who mount away up in life and are pronounced clever and the possessors of irreprehensible genius, know very well if they have looked back over the path by which they have come and if they will admit it, that their success has been determined by little things that can be called nothing but accidents. Big men at some time chanced to notice them and for one motive or another pulled them out of the rut from which they had no idea of trying to clamber. Of course these mounting men had ability and turned it to account under the opportunities presented, but I think most of them will admit that somewhere along the path the decisive turn was taken at a hazard, or even on compulsion. The man who says there is no such thing as luck probably makes as great a mistake as the man who excuses his own failures by saying that luck is everything. A man must have a vast store of luck if he succeeds without possessing any ability, and he must have a tremendous amount of ability to succeed without the assistance of luck.

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The Exhibition will open on Monday and for two weeks the city will be crowded with people. It would not be a bad idea for politicians who think the country is going to the dogs to make it a point to attend the Fair on Farmers' Day, and for newspaper men who are writing in the same lugubrious vein to attend at the same time and place and see about twenty thousand real live farmers. The evidences of misery would be hard to find. One of the most noticeable features of the Fair is this very thing, the high average of intelligence and of apparent prosperity. Strangers from all over the world remark upon it, and even visitors from the United States notice that our farmers as a class take more personal comfort and dress better than theirs do at home. Those who attend the Exhibition and examine only the exhibits miss half the show, for the greatest educational feature of the institution is the instructive lesson to be found in studying the people. No people anywhere have a more prosperous and healthy appearance. The Exhibition will likely draw a greater crowd this year than ever before, for it is steadily in the ascendant. Fairs in different parts have grown great and then come to grief because the management has become rusty and the officials' heads swelled unduly, and when the officials of a public institution get proud flesh where their brains ought to be, there is an early calamity. But the Toronto Fair is on the up track and continues there with praiseworthy diligence. Manager Hill, and those who co-operate with him, seeming never to grow dizzy whatever towering success is reached. The additional grounds called into use this year will prevent many of the inconveniences of previous years.

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In the morning and evening supplications of the exemplary man who edits the *Telegram*, there is no doubt he prays that his prophecies as to the murderous results of introducing the trolley cars in Toronto may be fulfilled to the uttermost. There is little reason to doubt that he would heroically suffer the loss of some of his own friends who come in to visit him during the Exhibition, provided the death scene were particularly revolting and the editorial quill could be pointed at the blood-red wheels of the passing car and scrawl in letters of screeching size the ancient platitude: "I told you so!" There is little doubt that the editor in question is waiting with a sort of brutal, cannibalistic hunger for the vast crowds of the Exhibition to arrive and for the trolley cars to start. The two events are so happily timed that there is opened up a delightfully bloody prospect for the next two weeks. The police should keep a careful watch upon some of these newspaper men to prevent them from actually shoving people under the trolley cars. Unless accidents are as frequent as it is hoped they will be, we do not know to what lengths this anti-trolley lunacy may drive the afflicted ones.

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The *Telegram* on Tuesday came out with this double head: "Running up a Record—Two Deaths Yesterday from Accidents Due to Trolley Cars—Two fatalities in one day is a pretty good record for the trolley innovation." This should convince the police that the trolley is entitled to protection from those who plot to ruin its reputation. In the first place, the two accidents did not occur on the same day, one happening, I think, on Friday and the other on Monday. In neither case did the deceased have anything to do with the trolley, and neither of them was touched by a car, both being thrown and killed by skittish horses which became alarmed, it is alleged, at seeing and hearing the cars. You must go a long way around to lay these deaths at the door of the trolley. The parasol is not a particularly deadly thing nor one against which people are warned, yet it is safe to say that it has caused more fatalities of the nature of these two than the trolley can equal in a long time. Perhaps torn fragments of the evening paper in question lying upon the road or tossed about by the winds have caused half a dozen runaway accidents in the past ten years, but these are hardly among the sins for which that journal is responsible. Horses occasionally kill people, and will so long as they are used by men; anything that moves faster than a man moves will now and then run over somebody; the old horse cars of Toronto have killed scores of people and the new cars will kill scores more, but it is reprehensible to play on the fears of timid people by referring to the trolley as a regular slaughterer. It will not chase anybody down a side street for the fiendish fun of crushing him. Two weeks ago three accidents occurred on the horse cars in three consecutive days. It is unfair to the trolley to blame it for the folly of horses.

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The city newspapers which come out editorially and try to belittle Edward Blake and allow anonymous correspondents to attempt the same thing, might surely find some less indecent employment. A man's spite must be undying and his judgment entirely decayed when he cannot recognize that Mr. Blake is doing Canada an immeasurable outside service. In Great Britain he is a Canadian, and whether people are brought over to Home Rule or not by his speeches in and out of Parliament, this one thing is certain, that before the power of his presence will recede and vanish much of the prevalent ignorance about the colonies of British America. This country is too generally known among the common people of Great Britain by only such episodes as the fate of Benwell, by the stuffed wild animals which huntsmen take home with them, and by newspaper articles describing our icy winter and backwoods adventures. Mr. Blake in his tropical hat and snowy shirt-front is scarcely a figure reconcilable with preconceived notions of what a Canadian must necessarily be. He does not look as though he had been scalped by Indians, and the most imaginative eye cannot discern where he has been damaged in a fight with a grizzly bear. Then, too, when he commences to speak he has not the drawling jargon of a wood chopper, but a vocabulary of pure English excelled by no man in Lords or Commons, unless it be Gladstone himself. As a scholar, too, he does not show meanly, and before the Eighty Club, or on the floor of the House when it opens, he can display a versatility, a logic and a facility for marshalling even imperfect facts into an invincible phalanx, second to not one in that greatest of parliaments. While every

BY THE SEA.

unprejudiced English paper is expressing admiration for his splendid gifts, surely it is unbecoming for the newspapers here to jibe in an envious and petty way. Worse still is it for them to permit those anonymous bores who are constantly storming the papers with useless opinions on all subjects, to bark at a safe distance from his heels. When a man has neither an opinion worth expressing nor a name worth publishing, it is shameful for a newspaper to give him space for vicious maunderings. The public should hold a newspaper responsible for all the bad taste, silliness, falsehoods and vice of any sort contained in the letters of its anonymous correspondents. It is the opinion of a good many people that Edward Blake has won a right to be let alone by the gad-flies of the local press.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

A very stylish and fashionable wedding took place on Tuesday afternoon at S. Luke's church, it being the marriage of Dr. Alexander Trevor Abbott of Philadelphia and Miss Georgina Picton Osler, eldest daughter of Mr. Justice Osler. A number of guests, much augmented by the usual interested party of ladies and gentlemen whom a church wedding always attracts, were present to witness the ceremony. Miss Osler's wedding gown was of rich white corded silk with tulle veil and bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaids were her three sisters, the Misses Amy, Clara and Beatrice Osler, who wore dresses of white crepeline and hats of white *chiffon* with natural sweet pea flowers. These soft and dainty costumes set off in charming wise the blonde beauty of the graceful young ladies. Two small maids of honor, the Misses Osler and Gwynn, wore baby frocks of white crepeline, with lace and trimmings of pink and pretty *chapeaux* of *chiffon* with small pink flowers. Dr. Ghrisky of Philadelphia and Dr. Hewettson of Baltimore were also of the wedding group. Canon Osler of York Mills performed the ceremony. The ushers were Messrs. Harry Gordon, Britton, Osler and Lieut. Walkem, who were dressed in the uniform of the Kingston Military College. At the *dejeuner*, which was held at the residence of Justice Osler, 35 Avenue street, were, among others, the following guests: Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. Thomas Moss, the Misses Moss, Miss Saively, Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. B. Cawthra, Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Sir Thomas Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nesbit, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler and Mr. F. W. Gerald Fitzgerald. Dr. and Mrs. Abbott left on the evening train for Philadelphia, where they will in future make their home.

Mrs. F. Leach and child are summering at Muskoka.

Veranda parties are the latest novelty in the way of evening amusement at Center Island and are very much enjoyed by a number of Islanders and their guests.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Margaret Maude Macdonell of Dundas street, and Mr. Lewis Martin Hayes. The ceremony will take place on Thursday morning next at St. Helen's church.

Mr. Charles Thompson of College street is visiting his son in Chicago.

Miss Jacques, who has been visiting at Preston Springs, has returned home.

Mrs. Dr. Hall of Jarvis street is spending a lovely holiday at Ashbury Park, N.Y.

Miss Mary Jones is visiting Mrs. Crane in Owen Sound.

Mrs. Oates, sister of Dr. Meritt, 176 Jarvis street, Mr. Oates and family are visiting Dr. Meritt, and intend remaining in Toronto for some time.

Mr. Arthur Evans returned home recently from a lengthy visit at Richmond Hill, and left last Thursday for Kingston to attend the Royal Military College.

Mr. Phillips has been holidaying at Muskoka for a week.

Miss O'Connor and Miss Anna Fitzgerald of Cleveland, O., are the guests of the Misses Wren of Sydenham street.

Miss Mabel Gardner of Toronto, Miss Maude Newton, Miss Abbie Pitton and Miss Louise Pitou of New York, are spending the autumn at Poplar Point, Lake Simcoe, the beautiful summer villa of Mr. Augustus Pitou of New York.

Professor and Mrs. Wm. Clark intend to return from Brockville next week.

Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski, Lady Gzowski and Mrs. Gzowski have returned home from England.

Mr. S. J. Jarvis, photographer, Ottawa, and Mr. H. B. Manley, formerly of Toronto and now of Ottawa, are making a trip through British Columbia and the Pacific Coast. Mr. Jarvis has his camera and is taking some fine photos of that country.

The Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College has been acting as *locum tenens* for the Ven. Archdeacon Jones of Brockville, during his absence in the old country. Large congregations have been attracted to the services by the well known ability of Prof. Clark as a preacher and lecturer. He has also delivered a course of three public lectures in the Victoria Hall which have been attended by large audiences. His ability as a public lecturer is well known.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Musson of 145 Howland avenue returned on Wednesday from their trip to Mackinaw.

Mr. W. C. Lawson, an old Toronto boy, and now one of the superintendents of the Chicago waterworks, has been visiting his friends in the city.

Mrs. Allan McNab, 84 Wellesley street, who has been spending a few weeks at Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinac, has returned to the city. While at the "Soo" Mrs. McNab was the guest of Mrs. R. A. Lyon.

Mrs. Midgley of Alexander street is visiting friends in Galt.

Mr. P. McArthur of New York is visiting Mr. Smith of Simcoe street for a few days.

At Mrs. J. Robertson's bonfire party last week quite a number of guests were present. Mrs. Arkle chaperoned a large party of young people from the Point. So many grouped near the glowing embers in their varied and gay costumes presented a most charming picture. It is needless to say that an enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. W. H. Chandler is staying at the Penetanguishene. Messrs. A. M. Crosby, A. Nairn, W. P. Morse, G. H. Copp, G. B. Burns and G. H. Baird are other Torontonians at this popular resort.

The lacrosse match last Saturday afternoon between Cornwall and Toronto was attended by nearly five thousand people, the majority of whom were most enthusiastic and continually applauded the skillful playing of both teams. Although the match resulted in favor of the visiting club, no person could help but admit that the Toronto players well, although they failed to score more than one game. A large number of ladies were present and appeared to be greatly interested in the play. Among those present I noticed: Miss Jones, Mr. Houston, Mr. J. Cameron, Miss Patterson, Miss Clark, Messrs. G. and W. Hart, Mrs. and Miss Baldwin, Mr. H. Martin, Miss Strathy, Miss Mason, Miss T. Mason, Mr. Baldwin, Miss O. Bain, Mr. Gordon McKay, Mr. H. Pringle, Mr. Minty and Mr. Cassels.

Miss Start, daughter of the late Judge Start of Hamilton, spent part of last week in town with friends.

Mrs. Gosling and Miss Alton Gosling of Wellington place called recently for England.

Miss Gertrude Thompson of 173 College street is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Dixon, at Rutherford, New Jersey.

Mrs. F. J. Eby and family of Bloor street west, who have been house boating on Georgian Bay, have returned to town.

Miss Lou Farquhar of Wilton crescent left last week for an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. Hurdley of Detroit.

Mrs. Grant and Miss Kate Hay of Isabella street have returned from a trip on the upper lakes.

Among the guests at The Penetanguishene are: Mr. and Mrs. C. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. A. Crawford, Miss Crawford, Miss Kate Crawford, Mr. W. C. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilson and family, Mr. R. A. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. B. Wadsworth, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, Mr. J. Fairbairn, Mr. J. F. Small, Mr. T. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Greer and family, Mrs. McDougall, Miss MacCallum, Mrs. Butt, Mr. A. W. Dodd, Mr. H. S. Howland, the Misses Howland, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lisken and family, Miss D'Espard of Toronto, Mr. G. H. Hollister of Rutherford, N. J., Mrs. Lay, Miss Campbell of Baltimore, Mr. M. J. Dodge, Mr. W. Dodge of Waubaushene, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wright of Cincinnati, O., Mr. L. Randolph of New York, Mr. G. V. Greenhill of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Rowe of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ryan of Ogdensburg, Mrs. R. Butterworth, the Misses Butterworth, Mrs. J. S. Labelle of Windsor, Messrs. W. J. and L. McDevitt, Mr. C. Kessler, Mr. H. A. Schaub of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Rogers of Peterboro', Mr. and Mrs. J. Bicknell and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Parker, Mr. A. Harvey of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Keating, the Misses Keating of Buffalo, Miss Davoch of Detroit.

A very enjoyable At Home was given by Mrs. Tremayne at the rectory, Mimico, on Friday afternoon of last week. A large number availed themselves of the kindness of Rev. Canon Tremayne and his wife and spent a very pleasant time from five to ten p.m.

Miss Amy Hope of Henry street is summering on the Island with friends.

The marriage of Mr. W. McKeough and Miss Stewart will take place at St. Peter's Church, on Wednesday afternoon next.

On Friday evening, August 25, a most charming little card party and impromptu dance was given by Mrs. Howard of Gerrard street. Among those present were: Mrs. Lewis Howard, who wore a silver gray silk bengaline gown with *lisse*, and slippers the same shade; Mrs. Pyne, black lace and pink roses; Miss Carter of Picton, buttercup pongee silk and *creme* lace; Mrs. Skelth, steel gray ottoman cord with pretty trimming; Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. E. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Howard, Dr. Pyne, Mr. P. Scholfield, Dr. Burns, Mr. W. Hart, Mr. L. Howard, Mr. McGivern and others.

The Misses Mason of Harr Hall, Wellington street, gave a small evening last week for their guests, Miss Start and Miss Nettie.

The marriage of Mr. Jarvis and Miss Meredith is fixed for the fifteenth of this month.

An interesting September wedding will take a popular young lady from Lowther avenue to the bonnie bride.

An interesting and pretty wedding, notice of which was unavoidably crowded out last week, took place at St. Dunstan's Church, Streetsville, on August 16, when Mr. C. J. Kidd of Athlone and Miss Annie Mahony were made one. The bride wore a rich white silk gown, with orange blossoms and pearls, and was attended by two charming little maids of honor, the Misses Patricia and Inez Brazell, in white silk frocks and veils and carrying baskets of flowers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Trailing, assisted by Rev. Father Egan. After the service a *recherche* breakfast was given at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Kidd left for an extended trip down the St. Lawrence, returning through the Eastern States. Among the many handsome bridal gifts were a substantial cheque and a fine piano from the parents of the bride.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Alford, of Sibley, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Pringle of Ontario street.

Mrs. Barnett Elzas of 272 George street has returned from a visit to England. Mr. and Mrs. Elzas paid a fortnight's visit to Riviere du Loup and report a most charming sojourn in that delectable region.

Ascension Church was the scene of a very elegant wedding on Wednesday last, at two o'clock. The bride was Miss Isabella L. Wynn, of 95 Peter street, and the groom Mr. George W. Stewart, of Wyld, Grassett & Darling. The bridal party consisted of the bride and her three attendants, her sister, Miss Grace Wynn, Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Mary Stewart. Mr. George Stewart was supported by his brother, Mr. Alfred Stewart, and Mr. James Madden, who gave away the bride. Miss Wynn wore a robe of white silk, and a lace veil, and carried white roses. Her bridesmaids wore cream silk, with large leghorn hats trimmed with roses. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Rennison, and Mr. Doward presided at the organ. After the marriage the guests and bridal party returned to the residence of the bride's mother and a choice *dejeuner* was served. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left on the Chicora for Buffalo, and will travel through the Eastern States during the honeymoon. Among the guests I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Wood of Syracuse, Rev. J. M. Stewart of Ayr, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Madden, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Uxbridge, Mr. and Miss Bissell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Whatmouth, the Misses Hirst, Anderson, Birchall, Fleming and Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Broddy of Uxbridge, Miss Marion Stewart of Woodstock, Messrs. W. Applebe, F. Rowland, Strachan, McKenzie, Lennox and Anderson.

A handsome wedding gift was presented to Mr. George Stewart by his fellow employees, in the shape of a bronze clock and statuettes. Mr. Stewart's present to his bride was an elegant little gold watch and a fob chain set with diamonds.

Two young artists who have done some very pretty work lately, the Misses Daisy E. Clarke and Emily E. Denison, have opened a studio and classes at 11½ Richmond street west. Miss Denison is a granddaughter of Col. R. T. Denison, and both young ladies are enthusiastic *artistes*.

Honorable John Beverley Robinson, who has been for some time in England, returned to Toronto last Wednesday.

The Lieutenant-Governor is in Kingston for a short visit.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained Sir James Lyall and Lady Lyall at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mr. C. R. Biggar has returned from his summer outing.

Mrs. H. G. Collins and family have just returned from a two years' residence in Germany, where Mr. Collins will pursue his studies still another year. Miss May Anderson has accompanied her sister from London.

Mr. Walter Read has returned from his holiday at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mr. J. Lonsdale Capreol, Assistant Clerk of the Executive Council, was married on Wednesday to Miss Mima Dumble at Cobourg, the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Capreol will reside on Lowther avenue after the bridal tour, which includes New York, Boston and other American cities. Last Monday the Attorney General's Department presented Mr. Capreol with an elegant French china dinner set, imported for the occasion.

Mr. Herbert Ellsworth of Hamilton is in Toronto for a holiday visit.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Henrietta E. Hamilton, daughter of Mr. W. B. Hamilton of 202 Jarvis street, and Mr. Hodgins. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday next at the above address. Miss Hamilton's removal from Toronto will leave a blank not easily filled both in social and charitable circles, where her refined and amiable presence and faithful work are known and prized by a very large number of friends. She was presented last Thursday with a very elegant case of souvenir spoons and a silver clasped card case by her fellow-workers on the Board of the Girls' Home, where her loss will be most felt.

Dr. C. R. Jackson of Buffalo is the guest of Dr. Murray McFarlane.

Sir William Howland is traveling in the North-West.

Miss Kate Johnson, late of Hellmuth Ladies' College, has come to Toronto to reside. She is now visiting Miss Grier of Bishop Strachan School.

Mr. George W. Johnson of Upper Canada College has returned from a holiday up the lakes.

Miss Dolly Pell of Rusholme road and Miss E. Woodland have returned from their visit to Niagara Falls, having spent a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Percy Scholfield, manager Standard Bank, Brussels, has been spending his holidays in the city.

Mrs. Cook of Mount Forest is the guest of Mrs. A. Stovel.

Master John Cawthra, son of Mrs. Joseph Cawthra of Guisley House, Rosedale, is spending a couple of weeks with his aunt and uncle at Hamill's Point, Lake Joseph, Muskoka. Jack, as he is called by his friends, has made several fine catches of bass and pickerel in Lake Joseph, Little Lake Joseph and Bass Lake.

Dr. Fred Roe of Kensington, England, was in the city on a short visit this week.

Miss Ross of Ord street is spending a couple of weeks at Hamill's Hotel, Hamill's Point, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser has returned from the far West, where he met with enthusiastic receptions and great success. He intends making another similar tour in October.

Mr. William McCandlish Radford, brother of Mr. J. A. Radford of Toronto, and a promising architect of Montreal, died on August 24, from caries of the spine, the result of injuries suffered in a football match some three years ago. At sixteen years of age he contributed illustrations to American Magazines, and his early demise has cut short a life that bid fair to be crowned with success and honor.

The directors and members of the Toronto Lacrosse Club purpose holding a huge garden party, on September 10, in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Stanley, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The principal feature of the afternoon's enjoyment will be a novel lacrosse match between two fossil teams of 1866 lacrossists styled Buffers and Duffers. Many well known citizens will figure on the field that day. Among them will be found Messrs. J. Massey, C. H. Nelson, J. Henderson, C. Robinson, S. Hughes, M.P., J. L. Hughes, Ross Mackenzie, R. and T. Mitchell, W. J. Suckling, J. Logan, J. Aird, D. Henderson, E. Smith, E. J. Lennox. Mr. Geo. Massey of New York will captain the Buffers, while Col. Bob. Hamilton will act in a like capacity for the Duffers. All the tennis clubs in the city have expressed their willingness to take part in the general festivities, which will include bicycle and running races between Canada's champions. Both bands of the Q. O. R.—bugle and brass—will be in attendance.

Mr. Cain and Miss Susie Ellis have returned from Prout's Neck.

Miss Victoria Mason's pretty waltz, Government House, will be out next week, and I predict for it a very favorable verdict from our smart set. Doubtless many a fleet-footed dancer will enjoy it in the brilliant season before us.

Mr. and Mrs. William Osgoodby and family have returned from a visit to Muskoka. A scheme is on foot among a number of friends to purchase one of the islands and build a colony of cottages thereon, for the enjoyment of future summers in romantic Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. R. U. McPherson have returned after a three weeks' outing at Rosseau, Parry Sound and Penetanguishene.

The refining influence of the beautiful in nature is being illustrated weekly in the dusty precincts of St. John's Ward, when a wise and kind citizen distributes plants and flowers to the poor *habitants* of that district. Mr. Harry Piper's flower mission has already sown the seeds of what may be the outgrowth of a better thought and purpose in the lives of his poor little friends. The following good people have given of their floral store to speed the mission to success: Mrs. Major, Mrs. Joseph Rogers, Mrs. R. A. Scarlett, Mrs. John Winchester, Mrs. John Laxton, Mrs. L. Murray, Mrs. C. Cooper, Mrs. J. Shapter, Mrs. A. Gianelli, Mrs. James Ditworth, Mrs. H. Piper, Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mrs. H. H. Cook, Mrs. T. Hook, Mrs. G. Gale, Mrs. J. S. Williams, Mrs. L. P. Genereux, Mrs. Aid. Shaw, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. G. Metcalf, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. J. Forest and Mrs. J. G. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier and family have returned from their summer sojourn at Prout's Neck. Among other Canadians who visited this charming resort were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyles of Toronto.

An interesting arrival to the parents of young "buds" is that of Miss Vennor, whose prospectus for a girls' school will be found worth reading. Miss Vennor is a highly accomplished lady and will no doubt make a large number of friends among our best people.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and family have returned from Germany.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth has returned from Vienna.

Business.

"I tell you," he said disconsolately, "women are altogether too business-like nowadays."

"What's the matter?"

"I proposed to the heiress yesterday."

"Did she accept you?"

"No. She took out her note-book, wrote my name and address in it and said she would consider my application."

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

4-Button Swede

1, $1 25, $1.50

We have opened our dressmaking rooms, and are prepared to complete orders on the shortest possible notice.

New dress materials and trimmings, suitable for fall costumes.

WM. STITT & CO.

DINNER SETS

We have a number of pretty patterns, the pieces of which we can sell separately or make up into small sets.

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Cor. Adelaide and Yonge Streets

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Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, West Indies, Azores, Bermuda, Egypt, Palestine, Etc., Etc.

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Now at 3 King Street E., Toronto

TAKE ELEVATOR

Facial Massage and Hygiene Steaming Manicure.

Dr. J. Parker Pray's Manicure goods for sale. Mme. Rex-Z's Cream and Balm. Josephine Moore's "Always Young." Isabel Cassidy's of New York, Toilet Good's, the best I can find for my customers. Work done and lessons given. The Home Toilet Vaporizer. Steam apparatus for home use for sale. The most complete apparatus of the kind on the market. Gents' Face Massage and Moustache Stimulant. Dr. Woodward's Hermoss we use in the antiseptic toilet bath, and Pascoline obtained from white lambs wool, unequalled for softening, cleansing, bleaching and nourishing the skin. The Frakes Cleveland Beautifier. My goods are all made by a physician specialist for the toilet trade. Thanks to my many Canadian customers that have patronized me in my fifteen years business on King street. No. 1 Toilet Parlors, No. 2 Pattern Rooms, No. 3 King Street E., Toronto.

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF OUR NEW STOCK OF

Cutlery Cabinets =

Banquet and Piano Lamps

5 O'Clock Tea Sets and Onyx Tables

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King Street East TORONTO

THE LATEST NOVELTY

Perfumed Note Paper and Envelopes

SWEET LAVENDER — MAY BLOSSOM — LILY OF THE VALLEY

MIGNONETTE — JASMINE — WILD HYACINTHS

We have much pleasure in calling your attention to the New and Fashionable Note Paper and Envelopes, of which we are now showing the above varieties. Each sheet of Paper bears a Floral design in natural colors, and both Paper and Envelopes are Perfumed to correspond.

POST PAID - - - 35c. EACH BOX

James Bain & Son - Fine Stationery TORONTO

As Summer Fades.

UNIFORMITY in color seems to be the coming idea in costumes. Dress, bonnet, gloves and wrap of one general shade are among the most correct of the new fashions. While this is to some extent monotonous, it has certain compensations in the way of trimmings. These, if judiciously used, make this undercurrent merely the foundation for exquisite effects; for while the uniformity in color exists, it is apparent chiefly in the material, and may be so subdued or neutralized by trimming and arrangement that it adds to rather than detracts from the charm.

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To know how to handle garnitures so that they will produce the best effects is one of the fine arts of dressmaking and millinery. Let goods be never so unpromising and the color almost hopelessly unbecoming, yet the artist in trimming will create out of it something which will be the delight of the woman who is fortunate enough to own it and the envy of those who see her wear it, and who wonder how it is possible to produce such results. And the more the uninitiated and inartistic woman tries it, the more she wonders; for by no means known to her can she succeed in doing anything with the materials which have been so well managed by other hands. And there is no trimming which has such possibilities as lace. In heavy grades and wide widths it is used to tone down and brighten up all sorts of glaring or monotonous looking fabrics; it relieves plainness, creates style and dressiness and makes a handsome costume of the simplest and most inexpensive material. Ribbon is the favorite associate of lace, and the two are frequently used in combination.

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Of course, it is quite easy, in such cases, to make the trimming much more costly than the dress; but to this there is no objection when such charming costumes are the result. And, besides, the lace may outlast a dozen dresses, and the ribbons are cleanable and possibly dyeable, rendering them useful and valuable long after the fabric and its fashion have passed away and perished from remembrance. Therefore in buying dress materials it is well to select good and durable lace and ribbon, even though they are to trim delicate and inexpensive fabrics. The fancy for puffs, ruffles, frills and draperies upon skirts has settled down into a sort of healthful moderation. There are just enough of them to be graceful and becoming, but not enough to be fussy and overdone. A very pretty costume has the usual plain bell skirt with demi-train. A ten-inch flounce made straightway of the goods is placed at the hem of this skirt; a band of two-inch wide velvet edges the flounce, and between wide, somewhat scanty box-plaits are knots of velvet rather closely drawn down.

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A skirt of striped and water-lined *crepon* has a deep garniture made of narrow ribbons interwoven in basket-braid fashion, the spaces between the ribbons being equal to their width. At intervals of a few inches there are full rosette bows of the ribbon with ends about three or four inches long. The trimming is placed about three or four inches above the lower edge of the skirt. As the season advances, a great deal of velvet will be worn, more indeed than for many seasons past. Velvet sleeves, vests, bias skirt trimmings, panels and similar combination sections are to be made of velvet, and a special feature of the coming winter will be the entire waist of velvet to be worn with skirts of silk or woolen goods.

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For ruchings of silk, which act as a foot frill upon the summer gowns, *eau de-Nil* and rose pink is an exquisite combination. The effect is very pretty when worn at the bottom of a black grenadine.

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To wash ribbon ruches, just dip them in ammonia and water. They must not be squeezed or wrung out, but dipped and smoothed until clean, then rinsed and dried. Then recurl the raveled ruches with curling tongs as if they were hair.

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Three petticoats prepared for a bride were very lovely. Number one was of rich black moire, and was lined through with thin silk of a faint sea-shell pink. The inside was flounced with soft *chiffon*, also in pink, up to about the knees, and the trimming for the outside consisted of frills of black Maltese lace of an exceedingly pretty pattern, which were caught here and there with tiny bows of pink ribbon half veiled by the lace. The second was ordained for street or ordinary wear, and when the young bride of eighteen summers lifts her simple gown of plain navy blue serge, she will show a dainty underskirt of thick surah silk in the richest shade of crimson. It is trimmed with three full graduated ruches of frayed out silk, the largest one being placed at the extreme edge of the skirt. Just inside the petticoat is a finely plaited flounce of deep coffee lace. The third, a perfect dream of loveliness, was destined for evening wear, and was of pure white moire, lined up part of the way inside with pale lettuce-green silk, over which fell frills of soft-white *chiffon*, the green showing through the *chiffon* with the prettiest possible effect. The outside was ornamented with two rills of fine real Valenciennes, which had white *bebe* ribbon drawn through, and tied in bunches at intervals. All the above were most deliciously scented, the white being especially fragrant with lilac perfume.

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Magenta, a shade that has been out of favor for some time past, is once more to the fore, and whosoever possesses antiquated gowns of this color can safely bring them to the light again. If the frock is of either silk or brocade, it may be trimmed with very pale gray velvet. The plain skirt might be frilled around the hem with ribbon of two shades of gray, edged with a tiny steel fringe. This should be gathered in stiff half-loop folds, and lightly laid over a small, scant flounce of the magenta silk. The bodice, cut into points back and front, may be bordered with steel-trimmed frills of gray velvet ribbon and daintily decorated with jdeep frills of pearl colored lace, which fall over the sleeves and outline deep revers of the magenta velvet. Just upon the shoulders appear upright frills of the velvet, and the large, full sleeves, arranged to set outwards to perfection, have deep pointed cuffs of the velvet and hanging frills of the lace. LA MODE.

New Books and Magazines.

Irwin's Hand-book to the Canadian Tariff has been re-issued in neat and handy form. It furnishes a complete guide to the imposts; its tables being revised and corrected to date. For sale by all newsdealers at 40c. per copy.

Work Accomplished by the Toronto Humane Society during 1887-1891, is the title of a pamphlet just issued. The work contains what the title indicates, and is replete with pictures. Undoubtedly the society is engaged in a good cause and has done signal service to that cause, and in disseminating humane literature it will effect more lasting results than by pursuing a vigorous policy of reprisal upon such as are brutal. It is a matter of education, and although educating brutality out of men may be a tedious undertaking, still, once accomplished a finality is reached.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, have just issued a couple of stories by John R. Musick. One is Columbia, a story of the discovery of America, the other is Estevan, a story of the Spanish conquests. These belong to the Columbian Historical Novels and will have a special interest on this four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The author has a great, continuous work in the publisher's hands. These two volumes are but the first two of twelve, which will cover with historical fiction the successive periods from the days of Columbus until now. The historical divisions are: 1st., Act of Discovery; 2nd., Conquest; 3rd., Bigotry; 4th., Colonization; 5th., Reason; 6th., Tyranny; 7th., Superstition; 8th., Contention of Powers for Supremacy; 9th., Independence; 10 h., Liberty Established; 11th., Supremacy Abroad; 12th., Union. Titles to the forthcoming volumes are: Vol. III., Fair Augustine: A Story of the Huguenots. Vol. IV., Pocahontas: A Story of Virginia. Vol. V., The Pilgrims: A Story of Massachusetts. Vol. VI., A Century too Soon: A Story of Bacon's Rebellion. Vol. VII., The Witch of Salem: or, Credulity Run Mad. Vol. VIII., Braddock: A Story of the French and Indian Wars. Vol. IX., Independence: A Story of the American Revolution. Vol. X., Sustained Honor: A Story of the War of 1812. Vol. XI., Humbled Pride: A Story of the Mexican War. Vol. XII., Union: A Story of the Great Rebellion, and of Events Down to the Present Day. If John R. Musick carries his plan through he will have done a great work. The first volume or the first two volumes should be read by everybody and a decision formed as to whether there is promise of big things in the undertaking.

Love on the Arkansaw.

Twilight had come again on both banks of the Arkansaw. It hadn't cost a cent, and the husbandmen lighted his pipe and sat down to mentally declare that he'd be dodgoned to catfish if he hadn't struck a soft snap.

The Widow White stands in her front door looking out into the gloaming—gloaming is also cheaper than cornmeal on the Arkansaw. Now and then she lifts her plump hand to swat a mosquito nestling on her chin; now and then she rubs her back against the door-post to agitate the spot where a gallinipper tried to bite her in two at one mighty effort. As she rubs she murmurs:

"Durn yo'r peaky hide, but if I had yo' in my hand I'd frizzle yo' to death in yan skillet!"

The gloaming grows deeper, and that also without extra charge. Widow White had just raised one of her marble feet to kick a yellow pup when her heart gives a sudden jump and she grabs up the splint broom and begins sweeping the puncheon floor. A step—a cough—a he-he-he! A middle-aged man of humorous aspect and ague demeanor stands in the door.

"Whyah, Mistah Perkins, but what a fright yo'un give I'un comin' up so soft! Come right in and take a cheer. 'Skeeters around moss' powerful this eavenin'. How's co'n a-gittin' over yo'r way?"

"Co'n's pore, Missus White—very pore. Bin chillin any lately?"

"Chilled two days ago, thank yo'. Be yo' still chillin'?"

"Sorter reg'larly. Mighty good y'ar fur chills, I reckon. I'll sot in the doah if yo'us doan' mind."

"Of co'se I doan'. I'll sot with yo'. Better chance in the doah to slap skeeters. Daddy Taylor cum along yere this mawnin, and he'un was a tellin' 'bout snake. He'un says they'n powerful thick this y'ar. Yo'un hain't bin bitted, I hope?"

"Thank yo', no, not as I consider to remember. Snakes doan' pester ma. Reckon I'ze too powerful mean."

"Shoo! Yo'un hain't mean."

"Reckon I'ze too humbly."

"Shoo! Yo'un hain't humbly."

His heart went tunk! tunk! tunk! It was still tunking when she brought her fine Italian hand down on his knee with a smash and broke the spinal column of a gallinipper boring for treat. She did not remove it. He'un's paw stole softly down and clasped it and they squoze. During the next three minutes not a word was uttered. Both were busy with their thoughts. He was the first to break the silence. In a voice modulated to harmonize with the song of the whip-poor-will in the adjacent swamp he finally said:

"Leonore, I'ze bin waitin' fo' long y'ars to tell yo'un sunthin."

"Shoo!"

"Fo' long and weary y'ars. All that time I'ze luved yo', but I dasn't speak 'cause I was pore."

"And now yo'un is rich!" she queried, as he hesitated.

"Beyan' my wildest dreams. Yesterday I got a job at sqittin' out hoopoles, by which I shall cl'ar ovah sixty dollars this summer—ovah sixty dollars in cash, Leonore, and this eavenin' I have called to—to—"

"Lionel, my heart tells me what yo'un would say," she whispered as he paused.

"And yo'un will marry me!"

"I will."

"Then dodrot my peaky hide if I hain't the happiest man in all this world!"

And he'un was happy and she'un was glad, and they whooped it up.—*M. Quad in N. Y. Sun.*

PALMS

PALMS

Another shipment just arrived. Just the kind for the house. Varied assortment. Call and inspect them.

CHOICE Bouquet and other Seasonable Flowers always on hand.

Wedding Bouquets, House and Church Decorations our specialty.

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SUPPOSE YOU TRY A KEG? Ale and Porter delivered to any address—$1 50 a Keg. It's better than drugs.

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

ONE'LL require nothing in boots and shoes that this store cannot supply. This does not include anything other than desirable goods. An old saw has it, "Nothing like leather," but you may find even poor leather, and you want none of it in boots.

The success of the footwear end of this store is due in a large measure to the quality of goods sold. A well-fitting, well-made and right-material pair of boots is what you want, or better barefooted. Rely on the quality of this store's shoes, and coupled with this prices that're in no way regulated by other stores' ways. They say it's too bad we should cut boots so, but do you object?

Oxford and tan shoes at any price to clear.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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Visitors

and early buyers will do well to at once see our grand range of

Fall and Winter Mantles, Jackets and Dress Goods

Some were secured at considerable discount, and exceptional value will be found amongst them.

Dress and Mantle rooms open on Monday, Aug. 29.

212 Yonge Street

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BABY'S OWN SOAP

The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

Ladies' Oxford Ties

THE STANLEY SHOE

THE NEWEST

Either Kid or Patent Leather with Cloth or Swede Tops.

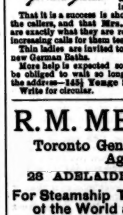
Prices Very Moderate

79 King Street East

Miss Moote

and . . .

Miss High



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That it is a success is shown by the number and class of the callers, and that Mrs. Gervaise Graham's goods are exactly what they are represented to be the constantly increasing calls for them testify.

This ladies are invited to call and find out all about the new German Baths.

More help is expected soon, so that customers will not be obliged to wait so long for consultation. Remember the address—1425 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Write for circular.

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ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER

Godes-berger.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

FIGARO, London, Eng., August 5, 1892.

According to *Truth*, a lady whose drinks have been confined to lemon squashes and Godes-berger has been able to preserve a twenty two inch waist. We do not wish to say anything against Godes-berger, for it is unquestionably the purest and pleasantest table water imported and is the only one that holds the royal appointment to Her Majesty. To preserve a lady's waist, however, to twenty-two inches is rather stretching it; it would be unnatural, and Godes-berger is, according to all best authorities, a Natural Table water.

AMERICAN FAIR

191 and 334 Yonge St.

TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 16c.; best cloth bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c., regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 50c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Sheet songs in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $3 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c.; Bibs, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1 25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1 24.

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Store closes at 6 30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.

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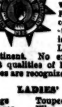

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Visitors to the Toronto Exhibition

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Bangs	Toupees and Wigs
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Puffs	
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Complexion Treatment

The opening of the Massage Parlors at Dorenwend's has been well received by the ladies of Toronto, and already a large business has been done. Not only is the complexion made beautiful, but headache and neuralgia are removed.

Appointments should be made at once—personally or by Telephone 1551.

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103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDICT

OF

All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be rolled on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

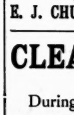
Medical men recommend them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. Sold IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other; and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Testimonials.

E. IZOD & SON.

30, Milk St., London.

Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.



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Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

Dresses Cut and Fitted

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Carpet cleaning by our new Hygienic method, the best in the city.

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TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc

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CHAPTER VII.

FRANK JEATERS' ACCOUNT OF THE NIGHT.

"When I left here yesterday afternoon," said Jeaters, lighting his pipe, throwing himself back in his chair and fixing his eyes on the ceiling, "I strolled about the neighborhood for a while looking about me and making the acquaintance of the place, as I said I should."

He spoke slowly and kept his gaze on the ceiling. He did not care to encounter the confiding eyes of his wife. He was about to try to create a certain effect, and he did not want to watch the progressive stages on his wife's face. When the full effect had been produced he should not mind encountering the result, but he preferred not to watch her face as he unfolded his tale, lest her looks might plead uncomfortably or even successfully for mercy.

"I must have been wandering about for more than an hour through streets and roads I was never in before, when all at once I noticed I had not written or in any way notified at the office of the company my entry into personal charge of this place."

"That you had come to live here!" she asked, to show she was attending and to take the big official tone out of his words. As they were spoken they seemed more fit for a communication to the board of the company than for this unpretending audience of one, and that one his wife.

"Precisely," said he. "Well, I thought the best way for me to notify the fact would be to call on them. So I went into town and reported that I had taken possession. The secretary, Hilliers, was very kind, as he always is to me, thanked me for my promptness, and again said he hoped I would be as indicate in any way that I was in charge, that I was living here with my wife, for if the rate collectors and water people found out there were people residing in the place they might be a nuisance.

"I am glad, Frank, I did not go near any of the front windows into St. Vincent place since we came here," said Edith, happy at being able in even so modest a way to help her handsome, clever husband.

"Thank you," he said. "That was wise. Of course there is not much chance of a rate collector going down St. Vincent place, for this is the only house in it, and there is no outlet at the end unless a man climbs over the wall, or, of course, unless he wanted to go along the river terrace. Well, Hilliers, the secretary, said how sorry they were to have a man of my ability in such a position as mere clerk in charge of a ruin, but they would give me the very next better thing they had going. They are, as you know, a big company. This was the first hotel they built; they are still called the St. Vincent Hotel Company, although this place turned out a failure—their only failure.

"So that, Frank, you hope we may soon be able to get out of this!" she cried, clasping her hands ecstatically and looking up into his face like the condemned into the face of the bearer of a reprieve.

"Yes, no doubt. I hope so," said he, looking down at her for the first time. Instantly he was sorry he had dropped his eyes. He caught the look upon her face and it almost shook his resolve. He turned his face again and reflected that when a man has serious business in hand he should not allow himself to be influenced by the feelings.

"When Hilliers—that's the secretary, you know—and I had finished our business chat, he asked me to dine with him at his club. He happened not to be going home that evening and invited me to go with him. I went, and we sat chatting and smoking until close upon nine o'clock. I got the fanciful idea into my head that I should like to come to this place by water——

"Oh, Frank," she said, with a start. Up to this all had been pleasant, and she had felt her veins filling with new blood.

"By water," he repeated. "I had a great curiosity to see how the river bridge looks and look from the river at night. So I went to the Tower stairs and hired a boat. There was no moon then, and the tide was against me."

"And you got into a boat on the river in the dark!" asked the woman, her face pallid with horror, her mouth agape with expectation of insupportable terrors.

"Yes. There was no other way of doing it at that hour. The river steamboats do not ply after nightfall. Well, as I said, the tide was against us, and I told the waterman to take it easy, as I was in no hurry. We came along very slowly until we got nearest to St Vincent. I told the waterman I wanted to be landed in the little dock under the St. Vincent Hotel——

"Under the house—under where we sit now! The cozy Thames!" cried the woman in piteous appeal, begging him for her soul's sake to say no, and let her breathe once more.

"Yes," said he. He would not now take his eyes from the ceiling. He knew quite well if he did what he could see, "You yourself heard the water under the hall. It was one of the boasts of the St. Vincent that it could embark or land at any time of tide under the roof of the building itself. It is too late and too dark for you to go now, but to-morrow I will take you down and show you over the whole place."

"I would rather go into my grave."

"Nonsense. You need not be afraid for to-night. I am not asking you to go down there to-night. But there is one thing I must show you before I go any further. One thing you have not seen and which you must see before you can understand what further I have to tell you of the occurrences of last night."

His manner and words and tones were unusual. They began to exercise a fascination over the weak faculties of the woman. In the midst of her tumultuous anticipations of dire evil she felt that she was drawn onward to listen, irrespective of her fears, irrespective of her will. Indeed, she seemed to have no will left now. She seemed now to have no capacity but one for listening to him, no power of life but that of keeping attent for the terrifying thing that would come soon.

Without looking at her he rose. His reason for avoiding her eyes now was not a fear that his purpose might waver before the piteous appeal of her glance. He simply believed she would follow him all the more surely if he adopted the supposition that she had no choice, and that he had no doubt of her following him.

He went to the door of the room and opened it. Darkness had not yet shut in the world. The great hall was full of low, gloomy light, enough to disclose the position and bulk of bodies without revealing their features. It was a light in which objects gather size, and spaces grow in depth, a mysterious, disquieting light, the light of vagueness and uncertainty. As Jeaters left the room his wife got up and followed him. She did not say a word. She felt herself in the toils of fate, and she had no thought of resisting—no thought at all. She did not try to think, and she felt she could not think if she tried.

Jeaters led the way across the hall. She followed slowly, slowly, not out of disinclination, but because she had little strength.

He caught the brass handle and moved the trap door leading to the luggage-shoot and raised the trap. He waited until she stood on the brink of the trap. Then he pointed down, saying: "This is the luggage-shoot. When the place was used as a hotel this was the slide down which luggage was shot to the platform below, the platform round the little dock."

She looked down. She could see nothing but a slanting trough of wood. She only noticed one other feature of the shoot, or rather one other feature of the slantingness, namely, incline was so steep that if any one began the descent he or she could not arrest the course.

She held her thin white hand over the opening, and said in a whisper: "And this leads down to the water?"

"Yes."

"To the Thames?"

"Yes."

"I can see no water."

"No, the slide is too long, and it is boarded in on the right hand side from the dock. If those boards on the right hand side were transparent you could see the dock. Wait a moment. Stay where you are."

He crossed the hall to where their personal luggage had been unpacked. He took up an empty wine case in which had been stowed odds and ends acquired when they lived in the Hoxton lodgings. He carried the empty wine case back to where his wife stood and saying, "Listen," set it going down the shoot.

She turned her head on one side and bent it over the hole, and listened breathlessly. She heard the swift rush of the case down the sharp incline. She heard the box strike the platform with a loud bang. Still she listened, though for a moment there was no sound. Then she heard a loud hissing splash.

"I heard it dash into the water," she said.

"Yes," he said.

"I heard it dash into the Thames."

"Yes," he said.

After a few moments he touched the handle in the wall and the trap door, which had been standing up against the wall, descended slowly and softly as the door was shut, and no eye could detect which was door and which immovable pavement in the tesselated marble floor.

"Why," she said, pointing to the door which had opened and swallowed the wine-case and closed again, "did you show me this?"

"In order," said he, "that you might understand what I have further to tell you of my experience of last night. Let us now go back to the sitting-room. This is no place to tell my tale."

They crossed the hall, he leading. It was now almost dark. He had left the door of the sitting room open, and the laneway of light came out upon the floor and stood upon the pavement as he had seen it the night before.

She moved into the sitting-room after him. When she entered she was filling his pipe, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. Sometimes while they were together in the evenings after their marriage, she would come quietly behind and sit upon his knee. She had not come uninvited for some time of late, but he was distrustful of the effect of his late experiment on her as the head of the shoot, and he thought it better to be on his guard. He did not want her to touch him just now. He could avoid the glance of appealing eyes, but he could not escape the influence of caressing, pleading hands. He was strong so long as he could regard himself as someone else playing this part, and he could not regard himself as the man he was the other man of his fancy last night.

He knew without looking that she had seated herself in her low rocking chair. When his pipe was filled he lit it, crossed his legs, cleared his throat and went on in the same grave, official voice, as though there had been no interruption in his narrative:

"As our boat got abreast of this place we bumped against something half floating, just on the surface of the water. The moon had not come out up to that time, and we could not see plainly, except by the lantern, which was the object with his boat-hook. It was the body of a woman—the body of a young woman——"

"Drowned!" whispered the woman, in the voice of one who speaks aloud unawares.

"Drowned. We drew the body ashore. We got a rope. Up that shoot we drew the dead body of that young woman into the hall."

"Into the hall where we were standing just now!" whispered his wife.

"Yes. We laid her down on tile floor of the hall until we got help and a cart, and carried her away to the mortuary, and she is lying now in the mortuary with her wide open eyes, lying there alone—dead—cold."

"All this must have affected my sleep, Frank, and given me that awful dream."

"No doubt. Now do you wonder, Pollie, why I lay on the couch last night? Now do you wonder why I did not go to your room? I could not. I could not think of touching you until I had hand stiff, cold from the touch of her dead hands. My hands are cold even still."

He rose, and going to his wife placed his damp, cold hands against her cheek. She shivered and drew back from him in her chair.

He left her side and took up his hat from the table.

"Are you going out?" she whispered.

"Yes; I am going out for a stroll."

"Frank."

"Yes."

"When you are gone out I shall be more alone than that dead young woman lying by herself and staring with her dead eyes at the ceiling. I shall be more alone than she is."

"How?"

"I shall be waiting for what may not come. All has come to her."

"What will you be waiting for which may—may not come?"

"Death."

He put on his hat and walked out of the room as if he had not heard the word.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUITOR FOR EDITH.

Shortly after Frank Jeaters left Mutcovy place that day on taking Mrs. Orr's lodgings as Edward Fancourt, bachelor, John Crane, bachelor, watch-maker and optician, of North Furham, came there with the watch left by Jeaters for repairs.

When he entered the shop Mrs. Orr was alone.

"What are we to charge for this, Mr. Crane?" asked Mrs. Orr. "We did not know his name when you were here last night or this morning. But we have learned since it is Edward Fancourt. I'll put the watch in the drawer till he comes for it. He is to be here at four. You see he left no name the first time, and though there is not the least chance in the world of my making a mistake, I may as well ask him to give me the marks and tokens of the watch. It will look better; besides, making him do so, it will give him the impression we are much busier than we really are. It will give him the impression there is some chance of our confounding his watch with another customer's. It's a long time since we had a gold watch for repairs, Mr. Crane."

"It is some time," said he.

"I suppose three shillings will be our charge; half a crown for the hands and sixpence for the glass."

"Yes, three shillings will be the charge, Mrs. Orr," said Crane. He glanced around the place unsaitly.

"Oh, there's nothing else since," she said, thinking he was in a hurry to go. "We must not expect too much. If you want to be off do not let me detain you."

Again he looked around the place uneasily, almost apprehensively.

"Is there anything you want?" said she. "If there is anything you want and you can find it yourself will you please get it, for, as you know, I am not quick at moving about, and my daughter is out."

Her last words drew his wandering glance back to the woman behind the counter, and brought to his face a sudden bright smile. "I am glad she is out," he said, "I want to speak to you."

"Yes," said the widow, folding her hands before her as she sat in her easy chair behind the window glass case. "You are finding, perhaps, that our arrangement hardly pays you." Until he said he was glad of Edith's absence she had a hope he wanted to talk to her about her girl. Now she was filled with distressing fears that he repented of his bargain respecting the business and wished to cancel the agreement.

"There is not much profit out of it as yet, but it pays me fairly well, and the little trip across the river three times a day is good for my health I think, Mrs. Orr. Anyway, I feel much better now than I used to be some time back."

"I have not heard a pleasant word for a long time, Mr. Crane, than that you are satisfied with our little business arrangements, and that your health has improved since you have begun to come to us across the river. We hear a great deal of hard things said of the river, and they tell us we are all poisoned. Well, it may be so, but I have lived on the Thames all my life down by Greenhouts, and I never knew a man a great deal worse, ay, ten times worse than it is now, and I never took any harm by the river that I know of. It's my belief that if you are born by the river, and brought up by the river, and live all your life by the river, you'd miss it and pine if you went away. It's not so much where you are as what you're used to. People live to be old in Lapland and in India, but if you were to change them from one country to the other, they'd die. 'What one man's meat is another man's poison,' as the proverb runs. I don't say the river is necessary for health, but it's better to those who are used to it than either Lapland or India."

"Like you, Mrs. Orr, I have been used to the river down here all my life, and I take no harm of it," said the young man, looking apprehensively, not round him now, but at the door, as though in dread of Edith's return.

"And you have something to say to me?" said the garrulous woman. "I think if you came here twice, or even once a day, it would be quite enough. Why, they are often three days days when we have no job at all." She paused for want of breath, not want of will, to go on. She saw the opportunity, and he had much chances of a chat with anyone but her daughter.

"I don't mind coming three times a day at all, Mrs. Orr. The steam ferry is free, and a great convenience. I can be across the water from my own door at the other side, and I can time the ferry from this door, so that I do not lose a minute beyond stepping my way out and I am sure the runs in and out do me a world of good. There is something I should very much like to say to you, as we are alone, and I hope in no unmeaning danger of interruption."

"Oh, Mr. Fancourt is not to be here for his watch till four. You need not be afraid of her coming in. I am expecting my daughter every minute."

"It is not of Mr. Fancourt I am afraid, but of your daughter."

"Of Edith! Good gracious! Afraid of Edith! Come, I never heard of such a thing in all my life as anyone being afraid of Edie! Why, if you knew her well you wouldn't be afraid of her at all or only very little, and you'd love her very much."

"No doubt if I knew her well I should love her very much," said the young man, with a little laugh at something in his own mind and a rueful smile at the woman's impudicity. "But, as you are aware, I do not know her very well. I am not at all afraid of Miss Orr herself, but I am desperately afraid of her interrupting us just now, for, as I told you, I have something to say."

The woman drew herself up and looked at him as though she had noticed before some change in him. Like other loquacious people, when in full flow of speech she was troubled to relieve herself of the torrent in her mouth, rather than observant of its effect upon solicitous of the victims it overwhelmed or swept away. When in the ecstasy of talk her eyes had the introspective look of the enthusiast, enthusiast, not the sharp, attentive regard of the controversialist.

"So you said, Mr. Crane," she assented, recalled to his presence, and contritely conscious that she had been occupying all the time of the meeting. "If you will be good enough to tell me what it is I shall be very glad to hear."

"I come to you, Mrs. Orr, first of all, because I think in my business connection with this place my first duty, my duty to the public to say, is to you." He felt he had caught the contagion of Mrs. Orr's longwindedness.

"No one has been doing anything dishonest about that watch?" she asked in alarm.

"Oh, no," said he, with a forced laugh. "I did the little that was to be done to Mr. Fancourt's watch myself. No one else has touched it."

"Then speak out, Mr. Crane, I am afraid of nothing else. Before you began coming here a journeyman I gave a ring to be alteration lost one of the stones—he said he lost it anyway, and it cost me one pound five for a new brilliant. Pray go on."

"The fact is, Mrs. Orr, if I thought you would not be opposed to me, I should like to hope that your daughter, Edith, might look on me with favor by and by."

"Mercy on us! what does the man mean?" cried the woman, rising up in her surprise and staring at him with incredulous amazement.

"I am afraid I have put it clumsily. What I wish to say is, that in case you, Mrs. Orr, have no objection to me I should like to try if your daughter could come to look on me with a little favor.

"As what?" asked the woman, faintly.

"As one who would above all things on earth desire her happiness."

"Mr. Crane, do you mean that you think of courting Edith with the intention of making her your wife?"

"That is what I wanted to say, Mrs. Orr, but the words would not come."

"Mercy on us!" cried the widow again, as she sank back into her chair. "It's a proposal."

"Yes, but up to this I have never by word or sign given Miss Orr reason to think I felt anything towards her beyond the friendly regard of an acquaintance. I do not think she can look on me even as a friend, and, of course, I need not say I have no reason in the world to believe she will ever come to look on me as I desire and hope she may. All I ask is, if later I came to you and asked you had you any objection, would you say yes or no? Have I, in fact, your leave to take my chance?"

"Well," said the woman, "I can't but say to you now that you have acted very well in speaking to me first; many a young fellow with your chances of meeting Edith about the place would have made sure of her before coming to a poor old woman like me. I know nothing against you. I know a good deal in your favor. Edith is not aware you feel as you must feel towards her, when you say what you have said?"

"She can have no more suspicion of it than if she never saw me in her life."

"Very well," said the widow: "you must give me a little time—till to-morrow to think over the matter. We have got a lodger at last. The gentleman who owns the watch has taken my rooms at fifteen shillings a week. Just to think I should have got a proposal for Edie and let my rooms the same day! who could have thought it! As I was saying, we have let the rooms and Edie is gone out to buy something to brighten them up a little—a bit of curtain and a few flowers. When you come at this time to-morrow I'll take care she is out again, and I'll give you my answer."

"Then I may count on having your decision to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Orr. This is a matter of—of—of importance to me." His voice trembled slightly, and he had a hesitancy in saying that word "importance," as though it was not the word which came first to his lips, and he had a difficulty in finding and pronouncing it.

But my decision in the matter is not everything—is, indeed, not much, Mr. Crane," said the woman, looking at his working face in sympathy. "There's Edith herself."

"I know that, Mrs. Orr. With her I must take a man's chance with the woman of his life and stand by my fate," said he, as he hastened out of the shop.

John Crane was in a hurry to get away for two reasons. In the first place he did not want to see Edith that day, just then, and in the second he did not wish to miss the ferry boat. Missing the steam boat would mean the loss of a good hour of time, and work lay waiting for him at his own place in North Furham.

He had seen long in business for himself. He was the only child of a widowed father, who died a couple of years ago, leaving John his trade as a watchmaker and optician, and persuaded with below bridge branches of the business, and a little money. With the money he set up in business on his own account in Water lane, Furham. He had larger notions of what could be done in his line than those prevailing in North Furham. He was a most competent workman, and he believed he would be of more value in his craft if he attended chiefly to overseeing work than to doing the work with his own hands. He believed he possessed the facilities for acquiring, extending, organizing and consolidating the businesses of watchmakers and opticians. Hence he started taking care of the outside part of Mrs. Orr's business with purely business views. Hitherto his connections with Muscovy place had not paid commercially, but he had derived from it other benefits than those measurable in mere money. He had, in coming to and fro, found better health and greater bodily strength, and he now hoped to find a wife.

Of course it had not been possible to do much in two years, but already he had taken a couple of derelict businesses of North Furham under his charge in the same way and with more profit to himself than the one in Muscovy place, at the other side of the water.

Before finally resolving upon opening business on his own account he had gone through an ordeal of doubt.

Arthur Stebbing, his dead mother's only brother, wrote him from Vera Pax in Central America, offering him a home and saying there were fine prospects for an energetic young man in that part of the world. For a long time John Crane hesitated. He had the young man's desire of novelty and adventure. He followed his bent. He would hear of all the natural wonders of that region; the volcanoes, the forests, the luxuriant vegetation, the prodigal blaze of flowers, the plumage of the birds, the abounding animal life, the romantic and terrible scenery, the unplumbed chasms and lonely stupendous cliffs, whose virgin sides never echoed by day or night save shadow of cloud or eagle, whose heights had never been climbed by anything but the shadows of the clouds. He heard the torrent rush and flashing spray of waterfalls, and thunders of the cataract and mists of shattered vapors over cascades broken in foam upon the rocks. He heard while he felt strongly inclined to go. He had no one nearer to him than a first cousin, whom he hardly knew, whom he had not met for years, and of whose marriage his uncle's letter gave him the first information.

"I suppose," ran his uncle's letter, "you have heard of your cousin Mary Stebbing's marriage. Most likely you were at it. I mention it now merely that I may say as an inducement to you to come out here that I have no one belonging to me in the world but you and her. I am still a bachelor; I am sixty-four years of age, and there is about as much chance of my marrying as of my being made President of the United States. Whatever I own here would, in the natural course of things, be yours when I am done with it and the world for ever. Until I heard of Mary Stebbing's marriage I thought I might like to divide my little pile. But she will need nothing from me beyond a mourning ring. In a letter from herself I learn that she has married very well, a gentleman of considerable private means, Frank Jeaters by name."

(To be Continued.)

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"The only thing that I am superstitious about," remarked Barlow, "is to return home from the club after one o'clock and find my wife awake. It's a sure sign of ill-luck."

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Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincade street, Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

And Now They Are Even.

George—Madge, darling, I love you fondly, devotedly. With you life is everything; without you nothing.

Madge—I wish I could say as much.

George—You might if you were as big a liar as I am.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

His Plea.

He—Won't you let me have a kiss—now that I am going away for a day?

She—If you can give any good reason why I should, I might think about it—possibly.

He—I should like to establish a precedent.

IT RESTS THE BACK

Most women know all about the misery of washday. To many it means Backache, Sore Hands, Hard Rubbing over a steaming tub, and long hours. This falls to the lot of those who use poor, cheap, and injurious soaps.

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"I suppose it was romantic anyhow, being stopped by highwaymen," said she.

"Oh, not so very," he replied.

"Did they say, 'Your money or your life?'"

"No, indeed. They growled: 'Shell out, yer tenderfoot, or we shoots.'"

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A Ghostly Bridal.

The stage coach which ran between Paris and Marseilles had just reached Grenoble when the young Baron de Saint Andre climbed up to the front seat.

Here he found a good-looking fellow of his own age, and straight way the two became great friends. At the end of an hour they began exchanging confidences, after the manner of youth.

The scion of noble stock was on his way to Paris to buy an officer's brevet, so as to serve his country as his ancestors had done before him. The other, who was the son of a rich tradesman, was also bound for Paris, for the purpose, however, of marrying an heiress, the daughter of an old friend of his father.

"It is an even thing!" cried the young baron, laughingly. "A mere money matter for each of us. The little god Cupid has no more concern in your business than in mine."

"There, you are mistaken," returned the other. "I have never seen Sylvia, but I fell in love with her, once and forever, the first time I laid my eyes upon her portrait. Judge for yourself."

He opened a tortoise shell case, and Saint Andre exclaimed admiringly:

"What an angel! Indeed, my dear fellow, you are very fortunate to have that charming, dainty creature picked out for you."

"I do not complain," said the bridegroom-elect, "and now I am going to sleep, if this miserable, jolting concern will allow me. I am expected to breakfast at my future father-in-law's as soon as I reach Paris, and as I shall then be presented to my betrothed I want to look as well as possible."

At the end of three days and two nights the heavy stage coach rumbled into the metropolis, and the two travelers went to the nearest hotel and engaged two rooms, intending to take a little rest.

Saint Andre had just thrown himself upon the bed when he heard deep groans in the next room, and on rushing in found his late companion rolling on the floor in agonies of pain. The servants were summoned, a physician was brought in, and the latter declared that the patient was suffering from acute colic, which had probably been contracted before he left home, and had been aggravated by the fatigues of the journey. He pronounced the malady a very serious one, and so it proved, for, in spite of every care, the youth expired at the end of an hour.

Saint Andre was overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and when he found that he could do nothing more for his friend he stood gazing sadly at the lifeless clay which lay on the narrow bed in the bare hotel room. Poor fellow! So young! So young, so gay, looking forward to a bright future, and now snatched away without warning! What would the fair bride elect say when she heard of the tragedy!

Saint Andre dreaded the bearing of the sad news to the family, but there was no one else to perform the errand, and so he set off, carrying with him the dead youth's satchel.

When he reached the stately mansion the front door flew open and two footmen in livery came to meet him. One relieved him of his satchel, the other took his hat and cloak and a voice was heard exclaiming joyfully:

"Monsieur, here is your son-in-law at last!"

"Dear fellow!" cried a little fat, white-haired man, rushing into the hall, "let me embrace you!" and he clasped the new-comer rapturously to his heart.

As soon as he could get his breath Saint Andre said hurriedly:

"Pardon me, sir, but—"

"I pardon you for having been late," interrupted the other. "Look, it is twelve o'clock and breakfast is growing cold. Come in and see my daughter. The little puss has been watching the clock for hours, and is all impatient to meet you."

He pulled the young man into the breakfast room as he spoke, and without pausing an instant added: "My wife, Uncle Dorival, Aunt Dularice, here is the son-in-law at last; Sylvia, my child, bid him welcome."

"I beg pardon, sir," cried Saint Andre, but again his host interrupted him.

"Don't tell me that you wish to draw back at the last moment, my dear fellow! Everything has been arranged by my esteemed friend, your father, but if you have any objection to urge I will hear it later; bad news can always keep. Now let us sit down to breakfast at once and give me your opinion of this pigeon pie."

The visitor was young and very hungry, having fasted since midnight. The shock of his companion's sudden death had unnerved him somewhat, and so for the time being he yielded to the force of circumstances.

"Come what will," he said to himself, "I cannot bear to put a damper upon the joy of these good people, at least not until they have had their breakfast."

He joined, therefore, in the general merriment, smiled sweetly upon blushing Sylvia, the bride-elect, and replied unhesitatingly to his supposed future father-in-law's enquiries.

"How is your Aunt Dularice, my son?" asked the old man suddenly. "I remember her as a charming young woman; when I was twenty I came near falling in love with her. We were keep in her good graces, for she will leave a snug fortune to her nephew."

"Dear aunt!" exclaimed the youth in a tone of deep affection. "I hope she will enjoy life for many, many years longer," and his pious wish was rewarded with a tender glance from Sylvia's dark eyes. Aunt Dularice also listened to him with delight.

"He has the instincts as well as the bearing of a born gentleman," she whispered to her brother. "Who would think that his ancestors had always sold cinnamon and nutmegs!"

Uncle Dorival, who read cyclopædias and was thought very learned, retorted quickly:

"And why should he not have as fine sentiment as noblemen? Away with your absurd notions, sister! All men are equal."

The clock struck two, and Saint Andre suddenly felt a pang of remorse for the part he was playing, as he recollected he had to arrange for his friend's burial and would be expected at the hotel.

He therefore rose from the table, and announcing that he had important business to attend to, prepared to leave. His host protested in vain. Sylvia looked up in blank amazement and everyone entreated him to remain.

"I do not understand," began the old man, following his visitor to the front door. "The young man interrupted him, saying solemnly:

"I will explain. At eleven o'clock this morning I died after a short and sudden attack of colic, and I goes to the hotel proprietor my word of honor that my body should be removed this afternoon.

"You see, therefore, that if I were to absent myself any longer it would be very awkward." With these words he disappeared, leaving the old father overwhelmed with amazement.

When the rest of the family heard what had been said they decided that the youth was joking.

"He has humor," said Uncle Dorival. "I shall congratulate him the next time I see him. He will be here in time for supper."

But supper time came and passed and there was no sign of the son-in-law. The family became anxious and alarmed, and toward eight o'clock they sent a messenger to the hotel to enquire for the passenger who had arrived there by coach that morning. The proprietor sent back word that the gentleman named had died at eleven o'clock of colic and that the body had been taken away for burial in the afternoon. This news was received with unbounded astonishment, and little Sylvia burst into tears as she declared that she would wear mourning as if she were a widow.

"It was his ghost that came here," said the girl's mother, in a tone of awe; but Uncle Dorival shrugged his shoulders.

"Do ghosts eat and drink as he did?" he asked. "That fellow was merely some young scapegrace who wanted to play a trick on us and get a good meal at the same time." Nevertheless the ghost story went the round of the servants' hall, and the footmen boasted of having seen a spirit in broad daylight. The tale spread until it became a subject of wonder in boudoirs and drawing-rooms, and the fair young widow who had never been married wore a black gown and veil and shed passionate tears for the affianced husband whom she had seen but once.

Two weeks later she was wandering about the garden one evening, listening sadly to the songs of the nightingales. The stars were shining brilliantly, but the sight of their beauty only served to increase her sorrow.

"Alas!" she sighed, "if he were but here to stroll with me along these pathways!"

As she spoke a cracking of boughs near her made her start with terror, and in another instant a man broke through the flowering shrubs and knelt at her feet. The stars were shining to some purpose then, for by their light she recognized the face for which she had been longing, and in a voice which betokened mingled joy and dread she cried:

"Then you are not dead?"

"No, indeed, sweetheart," he answered softly. "I am alive, and I hope to live and love you for many a long day yet."

When the two young people entered the drawing room the family were playing backgammon. A look of amazement greeted the appearance of Saint Andre, and everyone being dumbfounded, the young baron had no difficulty in telling his story, which he concluded by asking for Sylvia's hand.

The marriage took place as soon as the proper period of mourning had elapsed, and Aunt Dularice was triumphant.

"Did I not tell you he had the bearing of a nobleman?" she cried.

"All's well that ends well, and a baron is as good as a grocer," said Uncle Dorival.—*From Romance.*

Did As He Pleased.

Kickwood (to his old classmate, whom he has met by chance)—Come right into the house, old man. Here's the bottle. Have a drink.

Bunker—Does your wife let you drink?

Kickwood—Why, of course! Have a cigar, won't you?

Bunker—Thanks. Does your wife (puff) allow you to smoke (puff, puff) in the house?

Kickwood—Certainly! We'll have dinner, and then we'll go around to the club and meet some of the boys.

Bunker—Does your wife let you go to the club?

Kickwood—Why, of course!

Bunker—Um—where is your wife?

Kickwood—She is visiting relatives in the country.

A Conditional Order.

Sweet Girl—Have you any parlor shades that won't break loose and fly up all of a sudden when you least expect it?

Dealer—Yes, miss

Sweet Girl—Well, I wish you'd send a man around and see if he can't talk ma into buying some.

On Park Row.

Recruiting Sergeant—You won't do. That hare-lip debars you from enlisting in the army.
Applicant—Thot hare-lip, is it? Shure an' I t'ought ye wanted me t' kill Injins, not kiss squaws.—*Judge.*

The Uses of a Chaperon

The Summer Girl—Horrors! There comes my chaperone to separate us.

Impecunious Youth—What can we do!

The Summer Girl—I'll say I'm going to my room to write some letters. I will meet you at the pier in five minutes.

I. Y.—Good! I'll have the canoe all ready.

Racy Retorts.

An impressionable young gentleman in a certain country town recently met a charming girl whose grace and beauty took his heart by storm. While conversing with her he made a discovery which he fondly hoped would enable him to make, at one brilliant stroke, an elegant proof of his ready wit and his boundless affection. Glancing at a model band of gold that encircled her fair finger, he remarked: "Sweet damsel, I pray present me with that ring you wear, for I assure you it exactly resembles my love for you—it has no end."

"Indeed, sir," promptly replied the maiden; "you must excuse me if I keep the ring, for it exactly resembles also my love for you—it has no beginning."

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat I go to London—they make them there." Before leaving the shop he enquired: "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon I go to London—they make them there."

Sir William Fraser mentions a clever retort made by Lord Fitz Clarence when in France in attendance on the Queen. He met the Prince de Joinville, who, as a French admiral, professed to be patriotically bellicose—towards England in particular. He said to Lord Adolphus in a friendly manner: "You, my lord, and I are seamen; I have had but one dream in my life—to command a smart French frigate and to lay my own alongside of an English ship of the same strength for twenty minutes."

Lord Adolphus replied in a spirit of perfect courtesy: "I think, sir, that ten would be enough."

A humorous native of the Emerald Isle, on poaching intent, was out very early one morning on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner he suddenly confronted the proprietor, who eyed him sharply. Patrick coolly advanced and said: "The top of the morning to you, sir, and what may have brought your honor out so early?"

"I came out to try and get an appetite for my breakfast," replied the proprietor, "and, pray, sir, what may have brought you here on my estate so early?"

"Indade, your honor," came the ready response, "I came out to thry and get a breakfast for my appetite." His wit saved him.

A Scotch farmer, locally notorious for his lavishness of compliment and remarkable meanness, was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but would not close the bargain until he brought a character from his last place. "Run and get it, and meet me at the market cross at four o'clock," was his final injunction.

The youth was up to time, and the farmer asked: "Well, have you got your character?"

"Na," replied the youth, "but I've got yours, and I'm no coming."

The British American Business College.

All young men of an ambitious turn of mind whose opportunities for study in early youth have been limited find in the business college an excellent medium for making up deficiencies; and the British American Business College in the Arcade, Yonge street, has long been known as one of the most successful business schools in Canada. It has taken thirty-three years to bring the school to its present high state, and the course of study has been undergoing a gradual improvement until now it comprises a curriculum of the most complete character in all the essentials of a thorough business education. In the Theoretical Department the student receives a thorough drill in the theory and principles of bookkeeping and the various methods of entry. Having mastered these the student enters the Practical Department. Here is a miniature business world in which the student assumes the character of a business man. He becomes proprietor or partner in a commercial concern, and is expected to show care, foresight and method in the business transactions. In this way he is led on, assisted by trained and experienced teachers, until in a short time he is competent to care for himself upon the real business of life and develop in actual practice what he has learned in the college. In the Shorthand and Typewriting Department every advantage is afforded for a thorough and rapid advancement of the student. Both individual and class instruction are employed, and after being thoroughly instructed in the principles of the art, special exercises in railway, mercantile, legal and business correspondence of all sorts are given for reporting practice. This department has grown to such an extent that it has been found necessary to order six new Remington typewriters from Mr. George Bengough, the agent of this machine. The school reopened on Thursday, September 1. Intending students can receive all information by addressing O'Dea & Hoskins, principals.

Whims of a Sculptor's Sitters.

A successful sculptor gets much amusement out of the sitters whose busts he moulds—especially those of strong originality, Carlyle, after much persuasion, was induced to sit for his bust to Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor royal of the English Court.

"I'll give you twenty-two minutes to make what you can of me," said he one day, storming at the door of Boehm's studio.

He stood there, watch in hand, while Sir Edgar manipulated the damp clay. The minute hand had scarcely pointed to the appointed moment for the sitter's departure, when the sculptor pushed his clay aside. But Carlyle had been drawn on to talk and to forget, so he insisted upon giving the sculptor another two-and-twenty minutes. He returned to the studio on another day to be studied at the artist's leisure.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who so long ruled at Constantinople as the British Minister, had a quick temper. After sitting to Sir Edgar for his bust, he visited the studio to inspect it. He did not like it, and, knitting his over-hanging brows into a great frown, he shouted out, "Why, you have made me look like a bad-tempered man!"

Prof. J. F. Davis is now forming the first classes of the season at his elegant new dancing academy, Wilton avenue.

The Test of Friendship.

An epicure, well known for his eccentricities, Grenet de la Reynlere, wishing to ascertain who were his true friends, had recourse to the following stratagem. He remained indoors and gave himself out to be ill, admission being rigorously denied to all comers. A fortnight later he sent out cards to his friends announcing his death, and inviting them to his funeral, which was to take place the next day at 4 p.m. Only a small number put in an appearance. It was just dinner time, and to postpone indefinitely this meal for the sake of a funeral was decidedly a mark of affection in the eyes of the "departed." The friends found waiting at the door a hearse and several mourning coaches; a bier covered with a pall stood in the porch. They were shown into a waiting-room all draped in black. Half an hour had passed when a side door was thrown open and a liveried servant said in solemn tones:

"Gentlemen, dinner is on the table."

On being ushered into the next apartment they beheld a table laden with the choicest viands and most costly wines. Grenod de la Reynlere was seated in his accustomed place, waiting to receive his guests, covers being laid for the exact number of his friends in *extremis.* All present testified their joy to the master of the house.

"Gentlemen, dinner is ready; it may be getting cold, pray be seated," he said, with the most comical *sang froid* imaginable. After which the feast commenced and lasted far away into the night.—*La Lanterne.*

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1898.

Where the grasses are kissed by the wandering breeze
And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the schooner glides through the emerald seas,
To its destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
And hope is the thrifttest plant that grows;
Where man may ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

Indignant Denial.

"You were listening to what Mr. Dashing was saying to me last night, Bridget.

"Don't think me as big a fool as yerself, Miss.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as plntsch gas and finished in gold plush, dressroom with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A Pair.

Mrs. Bangupp—Marie, I wish you would take my diamond ring to a jeweler's and have it cleaned.

Marie—Yes'm.

Mrs. Bangupp—By the way, you might as well take my turquoise, too, and have it polished. One is of no use without the other.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

Science

How MEDICAL SCIENCE has achieved a great triumph in the production of

BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agts., Evans & Sons, Ltd. Montreal.

For sale by all druggists.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $5

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household, from hammock or factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,

Cardon & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

Can You Read This?

I cannot praise your Pimple Pills enough for what they have done for me My face was covered with Pimples and I was ashamed to go out, besides they were very sore. My sister, Mrs. Fish, advised me to try your Pills, and after using one bottle I was a great deal better and the second bottle has cured me. My face is just as smooth as it ever was. Anyone with Pimples should try your Pimple Pills. MISS JESSIE BARLEY,

Lochute Mills, P. Q.

To Hayden & Mylius, Halifax
Proprietors of
POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TAKE

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring,* it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer,* it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn,* it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter,* it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Has cured others, will cure you

Not Built For It.

Mrs. Leander—I should be ashamed to be seen in such a suit.
Mr. Leander—Well, I should think you would be!—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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The Drama.

THE cast of characters in The Midnight Alarm, at Jacobs & Sparrow's, has changed very little since the same company was here last year. The best work is done by Frederick Julian as Silas Carringford, the villain, and by Edith Julian as Sparkle. Carringford is one of the most adroit of rascals, although of necessity beaten in the finish and forced to commit suicide. He conveys the idea of what may be called snakiness better than it is often portrayed, and in his make-up could sit for the picture of villainy. Edith Julian is undoubtedly clever in her *role*, and George F. Hall as E. Chippington Chaser makes a wonderfully *blase* young man of the streets. That round, happy-go-lucky face of his and a disposition which makes him the last man in the world to be bothered with stage fright, should enable him to cut quite a figure on the boards yet. The others are equal to their parts. Sam Charles, who is a new man in the part of Gideon Stillwell, the aged New Jersey farmer, has a face and form that truly grew up for the character. The realistic scenes have been improved since last year and aroused great delight, especially the fire hall scene and the running out of the engine when the alarm sounded. The play is a money maker and draws well wherever it goes.

*

On Wednesday next, September 7, Herrmann, the magician, will appear at the Academy. He can draw a full house when nothing else will, and by this we may judge what sort of a turnout will greet him during the first exhibition week, when all the theaters will be crowded. Visitors to the Fair will see nothing on the grounds to equal the wonders performed by him at the Academy each evening.

*

Manager Sheppard has made arrangements with the celebrated Irish comedian, Joseph Murphy, to appear at the Grand Opera House during the Fair, his engagement commencing next Monday evening, September 5. Probably no better choice could have been made. Mr. Murphy is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and as an exponent of genuine Irish comedy has no equal. And no one can entertain an audience better than he; added to this, he appears in probably the best Irish comedies ever written, full of comedy, pathos, and Irish wit that serves to keep an audience melted to tears or convulsed with laughter. He will appear in Shaun Rhue, Kerry Gow and the Rose of Killarney. His supporting company this year is very strong and each of the plays will be beautifully mounted.

*

The inimitable Dan McCarthy has written a new play called The Rambler from Clare, which will be produced at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week, commencing Monday evening, September 5, with matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. This play, written in the usual style of its versatile author-actor, is entirely new, and will be produced here for the first time. It has been played at Rochester, N. Y., and is now enjoying a phenomenal run at Jacobs' Court street theater, Buffalo, and its production here will be its third trial. Crowded houses have witnessed its performance when played, and it is confidently predicted that Dan McCarthy's engagement here will be upon a par with his other very successful ones at this popular resort. The Rambler from Clare is one of those picturesque, romantic dramas of Irish pastoral life which are often seen upon the stage, but with the addition of having real Irish life depicted by a comedian whose life study in such characters has made him proficient and placed him at the top of the theatrical profession in his own line. The stage and mechanical effects are by Mr. Henry E. Walton, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. We predict a warm reception for popular Dan.

*

Miss Jessie Alexander, the popular reader, who arrived in the city two weeks ago after her lengthy visit to Europe, is to inaugurate her Canadian season with a flying visit to the Pacific Coast, giving recitals in all the principal cities *en route*. She leaves Toronto to-day and returns to open her eastern season with her annual recital in October, when her friends here who are eagerly looking forward to hearing the recent additions to her repertoire will no doubt give her a good welcome.

The mother of the Shah of Persia died in Teheran a short time ago. She was the widow of the Shah Mohammed, whom she survived more than forty-seven years. The princess occupied a palace of her own in the Persian capital, where she was accustomed to receive her son. The monarch never failed at these visits to bring his mother either a basket of fruit or a basket of flowers from his private gardens. The dead woman was said to be very clever, and was often consulted by the Shah in affairs of state.

Mrs. "Buffalo Bill" is an amiable, domestic woman, very popular in the neighborhood of North Platte, where she lives. Her home, Scout's Rest, is a long, low building, four miles from the town, large and roomy, quite like a hotel, and it is surrounded by three thousand acres of prairie land, magnificent stables and fine pasture lands, where are kept many thousands of fine blooded horses and cattle.

The Gypsy Wagon.

A Tale that wags away down the Kingston Road amid loves and adventures and such like.

BY MACK.

IT was all arranged. Felix had a very small head, but there was not a waste corner in it, and as he unfolded his scheme to Casey and Sampson they were lost in admiration, and by the time he finished they agreed that Felix had the greatest head in the world. The three all laughed and talked at once, anticipating what was to come and suggesting details. Felix had devised a new way of spending two weeks' holidays—something original and with great promises in it. For two previous years the friends had gone up to Muskoka in August, and had intended doing the same this year, in fact, had arranged to start in less than a week. But Felix had an idea, and after imparting it to his friends they decided to let Muskoka go for once.

"Say, fellows," said Sampson, and his jaw fell, "I am afraid old Telfer won't think much of this plan. He's such a slow stick, you know. It's too bad if we have to leave him behind."

"He's got to go," exploded Felix. "We won't take no for an answer. Great Scott, why can't he let himself loose for once! He's got to go."

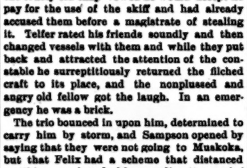
Casey ventured the opinion that if all three got at him while they were keen on the subject they could overcome his objections, and if he once consented to stay with the crowd he would be the most valuable man of them all, "because of that villainous full beard of his."

"Imagine Telfer in a red flannel shirt," laughed Felix.

"And no collar," added Sampson.

"Collar! There'll be a fine of ten dollars on anyone who puts on even a paper collar or brushes his boots. No swell airs, I tell you," said Felix, rising and setting the pace for Telfer's office.

The slow stick, with that villainous full beard, was in the real estate business and not very busy. He was about forty years of age and a bachelor, but somehow he managed to keep up an expostulating companionship with three roistering fellows much his juniors. In all their doings he was a dissident. He was slow in one respect, for although he was cram full of mature wisdom and the possessor of an inexhaustible store of good advice, he never managed to speak it until the emergency requiring it was well past. For instance, on one occasion up on Lake Rosseau, when the three young men in frolic made off with a boat belonging to a crusty old



THEY FISHED IN LAKE ROSSEAU.

chap, Telfer overtook them an hour afterwards and read them a severe sermon, saying that the crusty old chap vowed he would accept no pay for the use of the skiff and had already accused them before a magistrate of stealing it. Telfer rated his friends soundly and then changed vessels with them and while they put back and attracted the attention of the constable he surreptitiously returned the filched craft to its place, and the nonplussed and angry old fellow got the laugh. In an emergency he was a brick.

The trio bounced in upon him, determined to carry him by storm, and Sampson opened by saying that they were not going to Muskoka, but that Felix had a scheme that distanced anything ever heard of for spending two weeks' holidays. Casey ordered the author of the plan to spread it out.

"Well, it's just this, Telfer, and you needn't raise objections and kick, for you are going and that settles it," commenced Felix, picking up a ruler to make his gesticulations more dramatic. "Everybody camps or goes to the summer hotels, and four fellows such as we are ought to originate something better. My idea is for us to turn gypsies and travel down the road from Toronto to Kingston, trading horses, exchanging tinware for eggs and hens, making a deal of some kind with every man we meet, and camping every night in some nice piece of bush."

"We can build fires and cook with pots and frying pans," added Casey.

"And sleep in our wagon, like Mrs. Jarley, proprietress of the immortal wax works." This from Sampson, who knew that Telfer worshiped Dickens. "It will remind me of the Pickwick Club's outings."

"We can easily make the arrangements," resumed Felix. "I have a long, light wagon, and will have a covering of big hoops and canvas put over it and hooks underneath for carrying pots. Then I will guarantee to get a team of horses for five dollars apiece, and among us we can scare up all the cooking utensils and bedding we'll need."

"Oh, come off!" cried Casey, who owns a couple of livery stables. "Horseflesh has gone up. You can't buy a good horse this summer for less than six dollars."

Felix was willing to try, and went on to say that in being gypsies they did not need to dress like tramps nor to be in any way indecent, but to simply enjoy the delicate charm of living a false life for a time, and of being nomads, looking for humorous adventures. He added that they could carry money with them to be used in case of necessity, but he would suggest that no one be allowed to expend a dime unless, on a vote, three of the four were in favor of the cash outlay.

Casey enthusiastically broke in with the remark that he had an ancient sulky somewhere around his premises, and he would hunt up a third old boneyard of a horse, and they would have a light rig for reconnoitering purposes.

It was seen that old Telfer's eyes were changing their expression, and the contemptuous smile was ever so slowly vanishing from his face.

"The whole thing won't cost us half as much as the Muskoka trip, will it Felix?" said Sampson.

"Not half, not quarter as much."

Old Telfer was a deliberate chap, or he never would have sat there without interposing a word while all this talk was going on. But he opened his mouth at last and arose from his seat, while the others eagerly waited, ready to jump on his objections and scatter them to the four winds.

"I know a couple of dog catchers," he said, "and can get three or four of the worst looking mongrels you ever saw. We will need dogs, won't we?"

"Of course," assented the three friends in delighted chorus.

Old Telfer had put his head through the collar, as Casey would say.

Arrangements were promptly made. Felix was appointed commissioner on horses and vehicles; Telfer, commissioner on dogs; Casey was commissioner on bedding and cooking utensils and was to let Felix have his sulky, while Sampson was to procure a stock of tinware and knick-knacks and such eatables and drinkables as it would be advisable to carry along. They would start on the next Saturday morning.

Not a word was to be spoken about the escapade to a living soul.

(To be Continued.)

Tom's Father.

HIS coat did not fit very well, for it was country made, and of a cheap material at that. Down at the Corners it looked very nice indeed, and the wearer was quite a respectable personage, but as he stood at the corner of Thirteenth street and received the buffetings of the surging populace he looked ill at ease and sadly out of place. His felt hat was dusty and his boots lacked Day & Martin's blacking perhaps, but his eyes were clear and honest, and his face usually beamed with kindness. Just now, however, it wore a pathetic and wistful look as he stood and gazed despairingly at the crowded crossing. The big, brass-buttoned policeman by the lamp-post looked so stern and awe-inspiring to him that he dreaded the ordeal of asking his way to the Veterinary College where Tom, his wild and wayward son, was taking a course.

The afternoon was waning, and already the lights began to twinkle in the stores and on the streets. He made his way carefully across the busy thoroughfare and walked slowly along the opposite side, looking with a childish interest at the well lighted windows where toys were displayed for sale. The sight of a tiny rocking horse called to mind the time when Tom had one. It was long ago, when he himself was a young man, and Tom was but five years old, a sturdy, noisy boy. The painted toy was broken long ago, and Tom was now a young man who had found the farm work irksome, and his distaste to it had led to harsh words on both sides, and the refusal of Tom to stay by the family fireside. It was very lonely after he went away, and so the toil-worn father went forth to seek his boy and ask his forgiveness.

The streets are filled with hurrying people and noisy, rushing vehicles. The street cars sweep past and narrowly escape crushing the feeble old man who now leans against a building to recover his breath and equilibrium. He contrasts it all with the peaceful life he has left, and heaves a patient sigh for the cool green fields, the whispering boughs and soothing murmur of insect life. He could see in fancy the flower-bordered path to the house, the open door and Tom's mother performing her humble labors, while through the open window of the house floated the sweet perfume of the rose and brier. His pleasant reverie was cut short by a stern command to "move on," and he hurriedly renewed his search for the building. His efforts were at last rewarded, and he made his way painfully to the door.

"Say Tom, there's a funny old codger at the door trying to get in. He looks a regular hayseed. Let's get the boys and have some fun with him."

The noisy students rushed through the passage and turned off the gas at the entrance, and then suddenly opened the door. The aged man, dazed and bewildered, stepped forward, and was deluged with a shower of blows from hats, caps, gloves and other articles. Frightened by the sudden onslaught, the old man gave a cry and fell to the floor. The thoroughly scared students crowded around, and one of them turned on the gas. They stooped over the prostrate figure and pulled off the old dusty felt hat that had fallen over the face. It was Tom's father. But the rough voice was silent, the kindly eyes that would have looked for forgiveness into Tom's were closed, and the toil-worn hands were extended on the floor towards Tom as if they would grasp his and lead him back to the peaceful home at Hogg's Corners.

B. KELLY.

Martial Musings.

AFTER it has been settled that Mars is inhabited, there arise conjectures as to the sort of people the Marsians must be. Theorists agree that, as the Martial orb broke from the mother nebula, of which our sun is the diminishing nucleus, so many million years before the earth, evolution up there has progressed well nigh beyond terrestrian conception. Parallels cannot be drawn upon the same plane, unless retrograde as well as forward movement goes on in Mars, thus maintaining an identical standard of formation in each planet, which is impossible.

The best we know on earth may be a weak model for comparison. May not the reflection cause us much amazement that, after close on twenty centuries of so-called humanizing teaching and alleged hourly advancing civilization, the great ingenuity of man is still bent toward inventing, perfecting, and adding to the terror-strewing power of deadly engines and weapons to destroy our God-sent life? All sorts of controversies and hypotheses fade into pin points beside this fearful fact. Astronomical discussions and researches, polemical debates and religious lectures which have shaken the world in metaphor, are dwarfed and silenced in the presence of the last new armored ship or the latest born shell-firing demon. Christianity is supposed to go hand in hand with civilization, but not considering vitriolic clerical disputes, ecclesiastic prosecutions, or educational animosities engendered by two sects of schools, it suffices to contemplate the gigantic military organizations of modern nations and ask: Can we be civilized and Christians? The millions of money and the energy expended upon the implements of war could assist science greatly; and knowledge with true religion may co-walk without discord.

If Marsians have pushed along this warcourse for millions more of years than we, their life-destroying capabilities must be magnificent! But such carnage cannot be the King's desire. He is a creator, not a destroyer. The trend is always into better life. The peaceseed has germinated even on this earth, but it advances tardily to maturity. It will be centuries before our peoples count themselves as brothers all, to look back in history and read of these barbaric times.

What are a few centuries of years compared to the millions that Mars has pre-lived us? Think how we humans have evoluted in but a solitary one thousand years, for example.

The lines on Mars which have been called canals are likely to create discussion yet. Some astronomers cannot see them, but they do not dispute their presence. This problem is receiving careful study from abstrusians the globe over, which, combined with painstaking observations, must reveal more fully Martial features. It is as well to call these lines canals until disproved. We dare not assert that these lines are not canals. Marsians may have ships like floating cities, and for these require immense canals. Our canals would be unseeable from Mars with the telescopes we have, but it does not follow that their artificial water ways should be no larger. That Martial canals should be in pairs need not surprise. We double track our railroads when traffic exceeds a single line's capacity, do we not!

That the parallel Martial canals are not always distinguishable may result from temporary atmospheric condition blurring the two into one.

To descend from the sublime, some rich solutions of the line enigma develop. "Sure," said an Irishman the other day, "I learned at school about all the imaginary lines the earth has; maybe thim on Mars is the saime, on'y they ain't all imaginary!" "They might be a big two track electric railroad," a motorman remarked. "I wouldn't wonder but they're opposition roads; an' when the cars ;are racin' they turn the two lines into one blue streak, d'you see." An alderman vouchsafed that he thought they were aqueducts conveying water to some mighty Martial city; and a man from the parks and gardens committee was convinced that they were "like as not fences to keep the mob offen the grass!"

JOHN A. COPLAND.

Major Max's Snake Story.

"I don't see why it is," said Major Max, laying his morning paper down and passing his coffee cup to Mrs. Max, "why it is that when a man begins talking or writing about snakes all the truth in him seems to congeal."

"It may be," Mrs. Max suggested, as she passed back the filled cup, "that the horror of the subject freezes his blood; or something like that, you know, freezes his blood, and everything, don't you know."

"Possibly, and very clever, too, my dear. Now, I remember when I went to South America to visit Bob—Bob Billings of my class, you know, went into cattle raising there—that a really extraordinary thing occurred there. We were out one day, Bob and I, where the vaqueros were branding, when along came a boa—I think it was a boa, or something like that—in evident pain and distress. Well, my dear, would you believe it? It was to be seen at a glance that that monster snake had swallowed a steer and the horns were hurting it. What did that dare-devil of a Bob do but rush up to that boa—if it was a boa—and cut it open, when out walked the steer!"

"Major!" exclaimed Mrs. Max. "Isn't your coffee getting cold?"

"But wait till you hear the rest of the story. Bob took a lasso and sort of stitched that snake up and it crawled off with a real smile of satisfaction. Imagine our astonishment when every day after that, that grateful boa would come crawling into camp with a stray calf it had swallowed, for the sake of rescuing it for Bob, and we'd just unlace that lasso and corral the calf."

"Most extraordinary," said Mrs. Max.

"That's what I say," argued the major. "I don't see why people go into romance so about snakes when the truth is strange enough."

"But is it really true, major?"

"True, my dear! To be sure, you have never seen Bob, but you've seen his portrait in that class picture in my study."

"That's really so," assented Mrs. Max, in the tone of absolute conviction.—*N. Y. Sun.*

If Mademoiselle Helene Vacaresco had not had the mischance to win the love of a fickle, faint-hearted princeling who broke his solemn pledge to make her his wife, all the courts of Europe would to day be singing the praises of the most brilliant woman in the rather stupid circle of continental nobility. But since it has come to pass that Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne of Roumania, proved faithless to his plighted troth, every titled gossip in Europe, every scandalmonger and chronicler of royal tid-bits has occupied himself with the publication of reminiscences and recitals supposed to smirch the character and impugn the temper of the young woman.

A hundred years ago was born the American actor and dramatist Howard Payne. Tens of thousands have had their tenderest sympathies awakened by the song of Home, Sweet Home, without knowing that its author's name was Howard Payne, and that it was first sung in a once popular melodrama entitled Clari, or the Maid of Milan. Payne was a native of New York, born in 1792. Early turning his attention to the stage, he soon became a popular actor and writer of dramatic pieces, both in England and in his native country. He died while Consul at Tunis.

Scythe Song.

For Saturday Night.

Thro' shudd'ring fields of yellow wheat
That would but cannot make retreat,
Account of every blade and ear,
I sway and swing afar, anear;
And as I sweep my swath along,
I murmur forth a soothing song:
"Hush, ah, hush! and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
I come with balm, I give you death.
To-day is sighing, to-day is sorrow;
Behold, ye sleep in peace to-morrow.
Hush, then hush, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep."

Amid the haunts of man I pass;
To me they are as ripened grass.
They fall before me day by day—
Not one can brave me in my way.
Yet, curst and fear'd as earth's worst foe,
I scatter blessing as I go:
"So hush, be silent, and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
I bring you healing, I give you death.
To-day is sighing, to-day is sorrow.
Behold, ye rest, ye rest to-morrow.
Hush, ah hush! thou, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep."

My harvest is to come. Ye hear
My song already in your ear,
Drawing ever anear, anear!
From Russian steppe and Persian plain
I sweep—before, the ripen'd grain;
Behind, in heaps the harvest lain.
Like shudd'ring fields of waiting wheat,
Ye would but cannot make retreat.
"Then hush, ah hush! and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
Behold, I come with the balm of death.
To-day ye sigh and to-day ye sorrow,
But ye sleep, ye sleep in peace to-morrow.
Hush, then hush, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep."

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Golden Rod.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet seventeen tripped o'er the sod—
My dark-eyed queen—Marie;
She plucked a bunch of golden-rod,
A buttonhole for me;
Still to my heart securely pressed,
Lies hid the spray her hand caressed.

Fair emblem of my native land,
The rose still blooms serene,
But my allegiance heart and hand
Is for a younger queen.
And thou bright flower, golden-hued,
Shall be my badge of servitude.

Then will I seek where lilies nod,
The flower I love the best,
A yellow sprig of golden-rod
To wear upon my breast;
Through life, Queen Marie, if you will
I'll wear thy golden liv'ry still.

O. A. S.

A Lullaby.

For Saturday Night.

Thy father's abroad on the stormy deep!
Dost thou hear the billows roar?
Hear'st thou the waves as they onward creep
And weep on the breast of the shore?
Ah! and is the moan of the mountain pines
And and is the voice of the sea,
But sadder far is the widow's cry,
And that is the cry for me.

For last night as I rock'd thee, my sleeping babe,
Clasped warm to my throbbing breast,
In fancy I saw by the pale moon's light
Thy father asleep and at rest.
His pillow was the seething surf,
The sea weed a swathing shroud,
And far o'er the raging sea I heard
His death-knell long and loud.
But sleep ye, my babe, and slumber,
This broken heart shove,
For stronger far than the oaken spar
Is thy widowed mother's love.

Brantford. H. CAMERON WILSON.

The Flower.

For Saturday Night.

In the shadow of a noble tree
A little flower grew,
You might pass and look and never see
This sweet pure violet blue.

It lived 'neath the light of God's blue sky
And drank the cooling dew,
It bowed to the breezes dancing by
And the birds that 'round it flew.

But a fair young girl came near one day
And spied the flower small—
She stooped and plucked it and went her way
And the flower died—that's all.

FRED FLIT.

Briggs at the Country Hotel.

C. Algernon Briggs, who has been on the road,
Since last May, is fully aware
That social distinction's all stacked in one load,
For his frail young shoulders to bear.
This worries him some, you can see by his brow,
Where breaking's begun before fall,
By that grim old spectre that handles the plow,
And furrows the forehead of all.
C. Algernon's line is imported cigars,
As one would hear from the swell
And the boisterous fuss he makes in the bus
—When Briggs strikes the country hotel.

The porter is "Cholly:" he calls the clerk "Joe,"
Says: "How are they comin' now, Jim?"
While rolling his name on the register so
That even the boarders know him.
"You'll give me the bridal room, eh? Josy, dear,
And Cholly, you take up my case—
And say, Cholly, bring me a bottle of beer
From Old Billy Whitstington's place."
At supper life's "Sadie, go bring me a steak,"
Or "get me an egg, won't you, Nell!"
Or "a lemon, please, Blanche," for he's running the ranch
—In Briggs at the country hotel.

At dinner the guests read the bill of fare through
Save Briggs, who says softly to Dot:
"Just bring me my dinner, now Dottie, won't you?"
And Briggs gets the best of the lot.
He's free with his money and runs a great bluff:
"Oh, well, I'll charge this to the house,"
But when he's in town he's quiet enough,
And funds it back meek as a mouse.
For there the gay Algernon sleeps in a flat,
And feeds at a chophouse as well,
Though he isn't deuce high when at home, he can fly
When he stops at the country hotel.

If I were an artist and wanted the face
Of Cæsar returning to Rome,
Or of Alexander in search of a place
Unconquered on all the earth's dome;
Or were I a sculptor and anxious to mould
Proud Cato, with haughty lip curled,
Or hew out a figure of Atlas of old,
Who reeled 'neath the weight of a world—
I'd not copy from the conventional form
That all antiquarians sell;
For the whole classic lot I'd take a snap shot
At Briggs in the country hotel.

Between You and Me.

I WAS to-day reading a quaint little yarn about a deacon who enquired of his minister where heaven was, and the minister told him to carry a store of necessaries to a starving family, to tell them he came as the Lord's messenger, and then to open his Bible, read a psalm, and pray, and he'd find where heaven was. The deacon tried it and it worked like a charm, so he told the minister. I don't quite take it in myself. Did he make the family wait, hungry and eager, while he read and prayed, or did their famished onslaught on the viands aid him in locating heaven? It had a very puzzling twist to me, that little story! It threathed of earthly wants and earthly satisfaction, and the idea occurred to me to cavil at the remark of the deacon as to his mission, and to object to his hanging about to read a psalm and pray when he should rather have gone home. And if I had been the hungry family I'd rather have had him do so!

All the same, isn't it nice and pleasant to help people? I never feel myself so well worth a small sum as when I have successfully engineered a small child into a home, or a widow into a situation, or a sick man into the hospital, where he'll get care and comfort instead of flies and boarding house tea and bread and butter. They just slide off my mind, leaving a delightful sense of buoyancy and success and good-for-somethingness which is very pleasant and encouraging, though not in the least heavenly! The worst of it is, that people are apt to find out willing souls and use them accordingly. A scavenger man, whom I much respect, once threatened to leave his neglected infant on my door step if I didn't find someone who would care for it. I had to assure him that I'd put it in the scavenger barrel for him to cart away, before he gave up his idea. A homeless girl planted her gripsack in my front hall, and declared she would stay with it until I told her where she could find other shelter, and I had to give up a lovely cruise on the lakes because I could not leave home and her together. Needless to confess that I got care for the baby and a home for the girl, and felt that I richly deserved to have to do it again for my pains!

*

Weak-minded folk have always an excuse for acting so. There is an old negro with frozen fingers who goes begging from door to door, in spite of bobbies and by-laws and Beak. And one must always give him a trifle, because he is black; and black folk remind one of childhood days and indulgent "mammies" and woodsawing "uncles," who told fortunes with cards and were awesomely accredited with too much knowledge of the future and sorcery. And there is a certain draggle-tailed woman who is always reforming and asking for work when she isn't raising a disturbance in some back alley or reposing oblivious on the wooden couches of the police station, or riding bareheaded and voluble round the city in the patrol wagon. One must give her a cup of tea, and a slice of bread and jam, if only to hear her murmured "Thank God for a good meal," which she never omits, and which makes one forget her sad lapses from decorum and decency. Did you ever notice what class of people generally contribute to the income of that frightful old woman who grinds unearthly discords from the wizened little organ on the street corner down town? Or that decent creature with his nether limbs, what's left of them, pinned up so trimly into his trowser legs? Well, I have; and they are all, or nearly all, poor-looking folk, tired women with baskets, overwrought girls flitting breathlessly to their lunch or their tea, half-fed workingmen, with overalls and tools in a carpenter's basket—those are the hearts that are touched by the squawks of the hurdy-gurdy, and the silent appeal of the crippled limbs! I never give a *sou* to the old Italian woman, for I protest with all my might against her, not so much on account of the noise she evokes from the small organ, as because she is too old, and too worn and too abject to be allowed out in the drenching rain and scorching sun, day after day. She ought to be "taken in and done for," as they say, poor, old withered creature, by some shame-stricken Christian.

*

I got into a hot discussion the other day about men and their right. The discussion was going on when I came, and after hearing so much about Women's Rights, it did seem funny to hear the expression, Men's Rights. "What do you think?" said the cleverest woman I know, as she tempestuously fanned herself. "Don't you just think it's just dreadful to have women wearing suspenders and riding bi—! Oh, I beg your pardon, but really women are just taking the lead so much that I'm getting sick of it." "Yes, my husband says it's about time the men stayed at home and kept house, and looked after the children." "Just so," agreed the first speaker. "Now, Lady Gay, what do you think?" "I haven't thought about it," I confessed; "and what's more, I don't mean to. Any man that wants to stay home and keep house is welcome to, as far as I am concerned. I don't believe he could, and I am certain he could not bring up children and keep his senses, but if anyone likes to try, he has my best prayers." And we all laughed, and so ended the Men's Rights discussion.

*

But, really, wouldn't it be peculiar if such should be the case, and instead of dudes, we should have useful hen-men, ordering dinner, counting washing, dusting *bric-a-brac* and weaning the baby? And we should hear such hurried speeches as this: "Awfully sorry, old boy; can't go to the grounds to-day. Got to put up my peaches—fruit's so scarce; just snapped up a few on the wharf. Will you come round to-night?" "Thanks, awfully, but it's the girl's evening out. I can't leave home!" and then they would step off the street car backwards! Well, if it has got to be, of course we shall get used to it, and you and I, dear ladies, will grow bald and stout, and have as many pockets as ever we want to!

*

Women are more generous and tolerant than men. All this to-do about the suspenders shows it. Just look back two or three years when men began to wear sashes. Did the women jeer and scoff and rave about it? Didn't they squander their substance on the softest, richest silk and pucker it into the most carelessly careful folds, and break numberless needles sewing on the horrid, clumsy buckles that were to secure the swaddling band round the particular man who was *ami decore?* Yes, verily! But did ever the best and noblest of men soar so far above selfish prejudice as to invest one five-cent piece towards the proper suspension of his best girl or his most cherished sister? Not so! And you will see, when the washer lady and the scrub lady and the beauty doctor, and the chaperone are all clothed in bifurcated garments and wear mustaches, there won't be a howl from the ousted females whose occupation is gone. They will go to their offices and their trench digging, and they will climb the telegraph poles and hang across the wires, and run the electric cars, and play baseball, just as contentedly and amiably as possible. And then the world will very soon come to an end. Why? Well, why do you think?

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the clever writer, has had to take a complete rest in consequence of overwork.

Mrs. Farrar, of England, recently ascended the Matter-horn during a terrible snow-storm. She accomplished the ascent in seventeen hours.

Liliuokalani, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is so ardent a temperance advocate that she will have no wines or spirituous liquors at her dinners or receptions.

Not content with achieving success in literature, Mr. J. M. Barrie is said to have political ambitions, and to desire to represent his native place in Scotland in Parliament.

Labouchere in *Truth* says: "The brilliant success of Toronto University has been due in a great measure to Sir Daniel Wilson's admirable administration and untiring energy."

Big Cloud, son of the famous Indian chief Red Cloud, has come home to Dakota to die. During his stay at Hampden School he became a hopeless consumptive, and was immediately packed off to his reservation.

Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Charlotte Corday have recently been instanced to support the assertion that the women who have been greatest in history have, as a rule, been unmarried.

The five chains of pearls forming the necklace worn on state occasions by the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild are valued at a million dollars. The most valuable collection of black pearls in the world is owned by the Empress of Austria.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been invited to lend the original manuscript of Robert Elsmere for exhibition in the Woman's Building at Chicago, and an effort is being made to secure from the heirs of Helen Hunt Jackson the manuscript of Romana.

Sanabu, a fourteen-year-old black girl, is now the lion of Paris, whither she was brought by Lieutenant Mizon, who returned there a short time ago after two years' wanderings in the Congo district. She is a daughter of a chief in the region of the lower Niger.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is now living quietly in Oxford, where she has made many delightful friends. Few people who read her charming stories and sketches and note her keen appreciation of clever word-play would suspect that she is very deaf.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is working indefatigably on her memoirs, which will no doubt prove highly interesting to the next generation, as they are not to be published until many years after her death, and no person has been permitted to see a line of her manuscript.

Lord Tennyson celebrated his eighty-third birthday at Aldworth House, Blackdown, near Haslemere, only a few days ago, where he received a large number of congratulations. His lordship is in excellent health, and seems to rival, in this respect, the Prime Minister, Gladstone. Long may Oxford and Cambridge continue to boast of those champion veterans!

Contrary to expectation, Edward Parker Deacon was not acquitted upon his trial for slaying the man he surprised with his wife. Contrary to expectation, he was not pardoned by President Carnot upon the occasion of the French national holiday of July 14. Contrary to expectation, the public authorities have interposed obstacles in the way of his securing the divorce, and to which it is believed he is entitled.

As Queen Victoria was out driving the other day she met a circus company proceeding along the road from Balmoral to Ballater, and straightway ordered them to give a performance at the castle. The entire royal family attended the performance, as well as the servants and tenantry, and the Queen enjoyed everything, from the trapeze performers to the trained donkeys, and liberally rewarded the showman.

At the recent London wedding of Mrs. Brooke, sister of Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Capt. Guy Wyndham of the 16th Lancers, the beautiful bride wore a handsome dress of pale green brocade and a little bonnet of the same tint, and Mrs. West and Lady Cavendish Bentinck were also gowned in pale green with black lace ornaments. Though the color is unusual for a bridal party to select, it has the sanction of fashion.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the professional whistler, had a pleasant experience when she visited Roberts College, at Constantinople. As she walked out in the quiet of an early summer morning, she whistled her wonderful bird call, and all once nightingales flew out from the grove on all sides to listen to the accomplishments of the new-comer. Mrs. Shaw studied her art for six years. She asserts that whistlers are born, not made.

The divorced wife of King Milan of Servia has just written an allegory in which her own sorrows are depicted. Under the pseudonym of Tatijana, ex Queen Natalie has published The Poem of the Crowned Child. It is in the strain of an Oriental epic poem, and gives the history of a boy prince torn from his mother's bosom and kept from her by "Satanic creatures," "hyenas," and "demons," these designations evidently being meant to apply to the Servian regents. The boy's father is not mentioned.

Posies and Poesy.

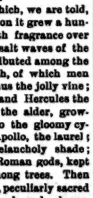
"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."
—WORDSWORTH.

WHEN looking upon even the smallest specimen of plant or flower, and marveling at the grace of its growth and being, the outer evidence of life within, with what deep thankfulness we own that this companionship with the beautiful and inspiring is possible alike to rich and poor. Money and palaces, pictures and statues, horses, carriages and servants are for men successful in business or speculation, or for the sons of the rich, but the enjoyment of God's fair creation, the green grass which covers the moor and "grows upon the mountains," the fragrance of the flower and the stately growth of the dark forest, is part of the heritage of the sons of toil and the children of poverty and no power can wrest it from them.

That man has not been slow to avail himself of this great beneficence, we find ample evidence in the records and traditions of all races. Tracing briefly the outlines of primitive belief, we read that religion began with the worship of a tree, and from that stage in various guises worked onward and upward from the creature to the Creator.

"Trees," says Pliny, "were the first temples. Even to this day the simple rustic adhering to ancient custom dedicates his noblest tree to God. And the statues of gold and ivory are not more honored than the sacred silence which reigns about the grove." Tacitus tells of Germans worshiping in forest fastnesses. Aristophanes in revolt against the image worship and superstition of his day, calls, half seriously, upon the Athenians to leave their closed shrines and to sacrifice in the open air, and in place of the temple with its golden doors to dedicate the olive tree anew.

Going back to the first fountains of history, we fail to find the source and spring of flower symbolism. The oldest religion extant crowns and sceptres its divinities with the lotus. The mummy wheat has been an emblematic offering to the gods of Hindostan from time immemorial. Who can tell when the chrysanthemum of China, the water-lily of Assyria, and the heliotrope of Egypt were first wedded to the lives of the people? In later days we learn that Greece and Rome divided their gardens among their deities, giving a flower or a leaf to each. In point of antiquity these cannot rival the blossoms of the sweet basil, the moon-flower and the nelumbo of Asiatic reverence, nor do they even reach back to the pomegranates of Persia and Judea, but are perhaps of greater interest because coming nearer to our own times and suggesting the source of many of our flower fancies. We find Juno claiming the lily and the iris, Venus and Aphrodite the myrtle and the rose, Minerva and Athene the olive and the violet; Ceres, the corn-goddess, wore the poppy; Diana the deer-healing ditany; Persephone carried the narcissus which Pluto employed in luring her away to be queen of the nether world, and which, we are told, was a wonder to be seen, for on it grew a hundred blossoms, "sending forth fragrance over the laughing earth and the salt waves of the sea." The trees we find distributed among the gods. Mars was given to ash, of which men made their spears, and Bacchus the jolly vine; Pan, the musical pine tree, and Hercules the poplar; Neptune was given the alder, growing by the waters, and Pluto the gloomy cypress; Mercury, the palm; Apollo, the laurel; Saturn, the juniper, of melancholy shade; while Jupiter, chief among Roman gods, kept for himself the oak, king among trees. Then we read of one particular oak, peculiarly sacred to Zeus, greatest among Greek gods, larger than all the other trees of the forest, and remaining green all the year round. Even a fragment of this tree could prophesy, for it was a piece of this which Athene placed in the prow of Jason's ship, Argo, and that figure-head was as a pilot to the Argonauts throughout their expedition in search of the Golden Fleece.



Coming down the stream of time we find the banks bestrewn with blossoms and the nations associating all that they adore with the names and symbols of plants. No religion pictures a paradise without flowers and trees, and there is no mythology but abounds in floral emblems. The divinities whose names survive in the days of our week had each his flower. The sun, the sun-flower, and the moon, the daisy; Tuesday, the March violet, and Wednesday, the blue monk's hood; Thursday, the burdock; Friday, the field orchis, and Saturday, the horse-tail. In our Saints' Calendar there is a curious list. The reason for the selection of some is sufficiently plain, as the St. Andrew's cross, the St. John's wort, and the herb Christopher, but others, no doubt, have been apportioned to certain days because happening to bloom about that time. Thus on the Feast of the Purification, the 2nd of February, we have the snow-drop. Then there is the midsummer daisy, coming on the 11th of June, St. Barnabas day, and the red campion of St. Philip's, May day. Of the rest, many have special significance which may be traced back to monkish, classic and even to primitive tradition and imagination. Who among us but is familiar with the Christmas holly, the sun-flower of the summer solstice and the amaranth, the flower of All Saints? Few flowers, indeed, exceed "the immortal amaranth" in dignity or antiquity of significance. Homer wreathes with its blossoms the heroes weeping around the body of Achilles, and in the Islands of the blessed the spirits of the great dead walk with the gods in fields of amaranth and sit at their feasts crowned with it. Milton tells us that before the Throne of the Lamb the heavenly hosts cast down their crowns "inwove with amaranth and gold:"

"Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew."

What reader of history but is familiar with that scene enacted more than four centuries ago when Somerset and Warwick, disputing in the Temple Gardens, plucked a white rose and a red, the personal brawl growing into the bitterness of civil war? And what could better typify the beauty of peace restored than the smiling gardens of England, each, we may be sure,

"With a red rose and a white rose
Leaning, nodding, on the wall!"

In heraldry we find the significance of flowers forms almost a history in itself. Perhaps the most widely known is the Iris or Fleur-de-lys which, we are told in legend, was brought down by an angel from the skies and given to King Clovis, its form representing either a spear or a sword handle, but in either case typifying to monarchs of France that their reigns should be always disturbed with wars and that they themselves should always be punished by the sword. But whatever its origin, it adorned the sceptres and diadems, the robes and shields of many kings of France, passed thence to English royalty and nobility, and is now held in republican horror by the very people whom it so often led to victory. Referring again to the rose, we find the simple five-petaled ancestor of the family was known in some old escutcheons, but, since the War of the Roses, blooms full leaved on British Arms. Then there is that flower of Scotland, the thistle, emblematic of unconquerable hardihood, but which, however, had an "order" in France long before this "most noble and most ancient" decoration was created.

Standing upon the threshold of literature, we gaze in smiling wonder at the very carnival of beauty within. Writers of every nationality find the rarest gems of thought and poesy none too good to lay upon the shrine of flower divinities. Time and space forbid that we should do more than seize the few nearest to hand, or that come first at the call of memory.

"As sturdiness as woodland nooks
Send violets up and plant them blue"

Our own Shakespeare heralds for all time the springtide loveliness of

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The wind of March with beauty."

Tennyson comes nearest to striking the keynote of all wisdom, the knowledge of "what God and man is," while bending reverent gaze upon the "flower in the crannied walls."

Burns, the bard of humanity, never touched a chord with tenderer grace than when mourning the fate of the daisy,

"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower."

Holland tells us that the faith that lives in reason is never stronger than when it stands on flowers: "If God so clothe the grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," then what!

Dante writes that the happy resting-place in Purgatory has no other delight than its grass and flowers; that the righteous spirits of the heathen in Hades are comforted by having even the image of green grass put beneath their feet, and that the terrestrial paradise begins where the grass is first seen to bend, in humility, to the waters of Lethe bringing "forgetfulness of evil."

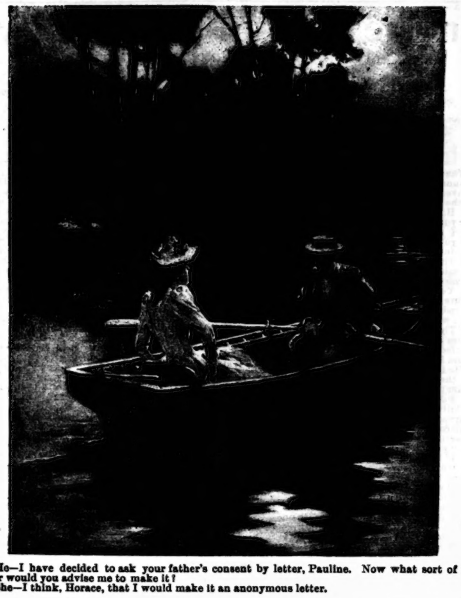
Of all the splendid utterances of Ruskin's great soul, is aught more faithful and true than the wherewith he bids us adorn our lives with the grand simplicity of a Crown of Wild Olive, or to look with him upon the true glory of the grass, as in the Bible it typifies, under various forms, the two essentials of Christian character — humility and love?"

Among inspired writers there is never poet, priest nor prophet but finds that "God is a seen God" in this growing life about us. From cover to cover the Old Testament abounds in these symbols of beauty, love and power. Where unanimity exists distinction grows difficult, but where shall we better find the very fulness of raptured description than in that matchless lyric portraying the love of Christ and the Church: "The countenance of my beloved is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars," "The beams of our house are of cedar and the rafters are of fir," "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," "Thou that dwellest in the gardens and feedeth among the lilies."

In the New Testament, when we find the Messiah indeed has come, that this "chiefest among ten thousand" and "altogether lovely" stands among men, how easily we recall that he taught the kingdom of Heaven as a sower "sowing seed," and his own death and resurrection by a grain of wheat which must needs fall into the ground and die e'er it can bring forth much fruit; that he established unity with his disciples in the assurance, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," and banished the care of his Father's children who are anxious about covering their bodies, by pointing to the clothing of the lilies—more gloriously arrayed than Solomon.

Did he not write wisely who said, "The Omnipotent has sown His name on the heavens in glittering stars, but upon earth He planteth His name by tender flowers?"

NOTE.—This is a paper written by Miss Margaret M. Kilpatrick of New Orleans, and read at the June graduation exercises of Warriner's College of Commerce, Toronto, at which institution the writer is a pupil. This essay secured first prize, the judges expressing the opinion that it would have been given high rank on a more ambitious platform.—EDITOR.



He—I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it?

She—I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter.

The Danger of Delay.

"George!" she screamed.
"My neck!"
"What's the matter?"
"There's a pillacatter——"
"A what?"
"A tappekiller——"
"What in the world do you mean?"
"Oh, dear," she moaned, as she clutched him frantically. "A kitterpiller! You know, George! A patterkiller!"
"Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.

His Idea.

She—Well, if I can't live on my income, and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marrying?

He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate.

Of Different Tastes.

Jokem (gloomily)—I can't see why I never can write anything that will suit you!

Editor (cheerfully)—Very likely it's because I never can make a decision that pleases you.

A Good Excuse.

Head of Firm—Have you any excuse for missing the train this morning, sir?

Penwiper (a suburbanite)—Yes, sir. I came in with my wife.

And There Was Gloom at the Feast.

Mr. Knickerbocker (who is giving a dinner party to Lord Howlong)—And what do you think of our city?

Lord Howlong—Well, don't yer know, I should call Chicago the London of America, and New York its Liverpool.

A Queer Dick.

Mrs. Slimdiet.—I don't know how I'm ever to get along with the new boarder. It just worries me sick trying to find something he will like.

Friend—Queer tastes, has he?

Mrs. Slimdiet—I should say so. He doesn't like ham or liver or tripe or anything.

No Place for Her.

Deck hand—You're on the wrong side of the ferry boat; this is the "Men's Cabin."

Mrs. Maloney—An' that's the "Wimmin's" over there. Where do the ladies be after goin'!

In the Days of the Mutiny:

A Military Novel.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

The next morning Bathurst found Isobel Hannay sitting in a shady court that had been converted into a sort of general room for ladies in the fort.

"How are you, Miss Hannay? I am glad to see you down."

"I might repeat your words, Mr. Bathurst, for you see we have changed places. You are the invalid, and not I."

"There is very little of the invalid about me," he said. "I am glad to see that your face is much better than it was."

"Yes, it is healing fast. I am a dreadful figure still, and the doctor says that there will be red scars for months, and that probably my face will be always marked."

"The doctor is a croaker, Miss Hannay; there is no occasion to trust him too implicitly. I predict that there will not be any serious scars left."

He took a seat beside her. There were two or three others in the court, but these were upon the other side, quite out of hearing.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Bathurst," she said quietly, "on yesterday. The doctor has, of course, told me all about it. It can make no difference to us who know you, but I am heartily glad for your sake; I can understand how great a difference it must make to you."

"It has made all the difference in the world," he replied. "No one can tell the load it has lifted from my mind. I only wish it had taken place earlier."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Bathurst; the doctor has told me about that too. You may wish that you had remained in the boat, but it was well for me that you did not. You would have lost your life without benefiting me. I should be now in the well of Cawnpore, or worse, at Bithoor."

"That may be," he said gravely, "but it does not alter the fact."

"I have no reason to know why you consider you should have stopped in the boat, Mr. Bathurst," she went on quietly, but with a slight flush on her cheek. "I can partly guess by what you afterwards did for me by the risks you ran to save me, but I cannot go by guesses; I think I have a right to know."

"You are making me say what I did not mean to say," he exclaimed passionately, "at least not now, but you do more than guess, you know; you know that I love you."

"And what do you know?" she asked softly.

"I know that you ought not to love me," he said. "No woman should love a coward."

"I quite agree with you, but then I know that you are not a coward.

"Not when I jumped over and left you alone? It was the act of a cur."

"It was an act for which you were not really responsible. Had you been able to think, you would not have done so. I do not take the view the doctor does, and I agree with you that a man loving a woman should first of all think of her and of her safety. So you thought when you could think, but you were no more responsible for your action than a madman for a murder committed when in a state of frenzy. It was an impulse you could not control. Had you, after the impulse had passed, come down here, believing as you might well have believed, that it was absolutely impossible to rescue me from my fate, it would have been different. But the moment you came to yourself you deliberately took every risk and showed how brave you were when master of yourself. I am speaking plainly, perhaps more plainly than I ought to. But I should feel ashamed if I did not the courage to speak out when so much is at stake, and after all you have done for me. You love me?"

"You know that I love you."

"And I love you," the girl said; "more than that, I honor and esteem you. I am proud of your love. I am jealous for your honor as for my own, and I hold that honor to be spotless. Even now, even with my happiness at stake, I could not speak so plainly if I thought you acted cruelly and wrongly before. I did not know you then as I know you now, but having said what I thought then, I am bound to say what I think now, if only as a penance. Did I hesitate to do so, I should be less grateful than that poor Indian girl, who was ready, as she said, to give her life for the life you had saved."

"Had you spoken so bravely but two days since," Bathurst said, taking her hand, "I would have said, 'I love you too well, Isobel, to link your fate to that of a disgraced man,' but now I have in my power to retrieve myself, wipe out the unhappy memory of my first failure, and still more to restore the self-respect which I have lost during the last month. But to do so I must stay here; I must take part in the terrible struggle there will be before this mutiny is put down, India reconquered, and Cawnpore avenged."

"I will not try to prevent you," Isobel said. "I feel that it would be wrong to do so. I could not honor you as I do, if by my sake you turned away now. Even though I know I should never see you again, I would rather that you had died so than lived with even the shadow of dishonor on your name. I shall suffer, but there are hundreds of other women whose husbands, lovers or sons are in the fray, and I shall not flinch more than they do. Come back my dearest to the work of avenging our murdered friends and winning back India."

She quietly had they been talking that no thought of how momentous their conversation had been, had entered the minds of the ladies sitting working but a few paces away. Once, indeed, had remarked to another, "I thought when Dr. Wade was telling us how Mr. Bathurst had rescued that unfortunate girl with the disgraced Sepoy at Cawnpore, there would be romance in the case, but I don't see any signs of it. They are good friends, of course, but there is nothing lover-like in their way of talking."

So thought Dr. Wade when he came in and saw them sitting there, and gave vent to his feeling in a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"It is like driving pigs to market," he said. "They won't go the way I want them to, out of pure contrariness."

"It is all settled, doctor," Bathurst said, rising. "Shake hands; it is to you I owe my happiness chiefly."

"Isobel, my dear, give me a kiss," the doctor exclaimed. "I am glad, my dear; I am glad with all my heart. And what have you settled beside that?"

"We have settled that I am to go home as soon as I can go down country, and he is going up with you and the others to Cawnpore."

"That is right," the doctor said heartily. "I told you that was what he would decide upon. It is right and it should be done. Nothing could to turn his face to the coast till Lucknow is relieved and Delhi is captured. I thank God it has all come right at last. I began to be afraid that Bathurst's wrong-headedness was going to mar both your lives."

The news had already come down that Havelock had found that it would be absolutely impossible with the small force at his command to fight his way into Lucknow through the multitudes of foes that surrounded it, and that he must wait until reinforcements arrived. There was, therefore, no urgent hurry, and it was not until ten days later that a second troop of volunteer horse, composed of civilians unable to resume their duties and officers whose regiments had mutinied, started for Cawnpore.

Half an hour before they mounted, Isobel Hannay and Bathurst were married by the chaplain in the fort. This was at Bathurst's earnest wish.

"I may not return, Isobel," he had urged; "it is of no use to blind the fact that we have desperate fighting before us, and I should go into battle with my mind much more easy in the knowledge that come what might you were provided for. The doctor tells me that he considers you his adopted daughter, and that he has already drawn up a will leaving his savings to you; but I should like you to receive from me, dear, even if I am not to share it with you. As you know, I have a fine estate at home and I should like to think of you as its mistress."

And Isobel of course had given way, though not without protest.

"You don't know what I may be like yet," she said, half laughing, half in earnest. "I may carry these red blotches to my grave."

"They are honorable scars, dear, as honorable as any gained in battle. I hope, for your sake, that they will get better in time, but it makes no difference to me. I know what you were and how you sacrificed your beauty. I suppose if I came back short of an arm or leg you would not make that an excuse for throwing me over."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for even thinking of such a thing, Ralph."

"Well, dear, I don't know that I did think it, but I am only putting a parallel case to your own. No, you must give way; it is in all ways best. We will be married on the morning I start so as just to give time for our wedding breakfast before I mount."

"It shall be as you wish," she said softly.

"You know the estate without you would be nothing to me, but I should like to bear your name, and should you never come back to me, Ralph, I can mourn for you all my life as my husband. But I believe you will return to me. I think I am getting superstitious and believe in all sorts of things since so many strange things have happened. Those pictures on the smoke that came true, Rajub sending you messages at Deennuggur, and Rabda making me hear her voice and sending me messages in prison. I do not feel so miserable at the thought of your going into danger as I should do if I did not feel a sort of conviction that we shall meet again. People believe in presentiments of evil, why should they not believe in presentiments of good? At any rate, it is a comfort to me that I feel so, and I mean to go on believing it."

"Do so, Isobel. Of course there will be danger, but the danger will be nothing to that we have passed through together. The Sepoys will no doubt fight hard, but already they must have begun to doubt, their confidence in victory must be shaken, and they begin to fear retribution for their crimes. The fighting will, I think, be less severe as the struggle goes on, and at any rate the danger to us fighting a the assailants is nothing to that run when we were little groups surrounded by a country in arms.

"The news that has come through from Lucknow is that for some time at any rate the garrison are confident they can hold out, while at Delhi we know that our position is becoming stronger every day; the reinforcements are beginning to arrive from England, and though the work may be slow at first, our army will swell, while their strength will diminish, until we sweep them before us. I need hardly add that the end, only till the peril is over, till Lucknow is relieved, and Delhi captured.

"As a married man I have already sent in my resignation in the service, and shall fight as a volunteer only. If we have to fight our way into Lucknow cavalry will be useless, and I shall apply to be attached to one of the infantry regiments; having served before, there will be no difficulty about that. I think there are sure to be plenty of vacancies. Six months will assuredly see the force of the rebellion altogether broken. No doubt it will take much longer ere quiet is restored altogether, for we shall break up into scattered bodies, and it may be a long work before these are hunted down, but when the strength of the rebellion is broken I can leave this honor.

There were but few preparations to be made for the wedding. Great interest was felt in the fort in the event, for both Bathurst from Bithoor and Cawnpore, when all others who had fallen into the power of the Nana had fallen, had been the one bright spot in the gloom; and there would have been a general feeling of disappointment had not the romance had the happy termination.

Isobel's presents were numerous and of a most useful character, for they took the form of articles of clothing, and her trousseau was a varied and extensive one.

The doctor said to her the evening before the event, "You ought to have a certificate from the authorities, Isobel, saying how you came into possession of your wardrobe, otherwise when you get back to England you will very soon cause to be looked upon as a most suspicious character."

"How do you mean, doctor?"

"Well, my dear, if the washerwoman to whom you sent your assortment at the end of the voyage is an honest woman, she will probably give information to the police that you have a receiver of stolen property, as your garments are all marked with different names."

"It will look suspicious, doctor, but I must run the risk of that till I can re mark them. I can do a good deal that way before I sail. It is likely we shall be another fortnight at least before we can start for Calcutta. I don't mean to take the old names out, but shall mark my initials over them and the word, 'from.' Then they will always serve as memen'os of the kindness of everyone here."

Early on the morning of the wedding a native presented himself at the gate of the fort and on being brought to enter with a letter, of which he was the bearer, for Miss Hannay, handed her a parcel which proved to contain a very handsome and valuable set of jewelry, with a slip of paper on which were the words, "From Rabda."

"It would be a high spirits at the breakfast, to which everybody sat down directly after the wedding. In the first place, his greatest wish was gratified, and in the second he was able to start to take part in the work of retribution.

"One would think you were just starting on a pleasure party, doctor," Isobel said.

"It is worth all the pleasure parties in the world, my dear. I have always been a hunter, and this time it is hunting men. I am going in pursuit of, besides which," he said, in a quieter tone, "I hope I am going to cure as well as kill. I shall only be a soldier when I am not wanted as a doctor. A man who really loves his profession, as I do, is always glad to exercise it, and I fear I shall have ample opportunities that way. No wonder I feel inclined like being cheerful upon an occasion of this kind. The longer we laugh, the less time there is for tears."

And so the party did not break up until it was nearly time for the little troop to start. Then Bathurst passionately embraced his wife, and the volunteer horse rode away to Cawnpore. Almost the first person they met as they rode into the British lines was Wilson, who gave a shout of joy on seeing the doctor and Bathurst.

"My dear Bathurst," he exclaimed, "then you got safe down. Did you rescue Miss Hannay?"

"I had that good fortune, Wilson."

"I am glad. I am glad," the young fellow said, shaking his hand violently, while the tears stood in his eyes. "I know you were right in sending me away, but I have regretted it ever since. I know I should have been in the way, but it seemed such a mean thing for me to go off by myself. Well, doctor, and so you got off too," he went on, turning from Bathurst and wringing the doctor's hand. "I never even hoped that you escaped. I made that it was only we too. I have had an awful time of it since we heard the news, on the way up, of the massacre of the women. I had great faith in Bathurst and knew that if anything could be done he would do it, but when I saw the place they had been shut up in I did not seem really possible that he could have got anyone out of it. And where did you leave Miss Hannay?"

"We have not left her at all," the doctor said gravely, "there is no longer a Miss Hannay. There, man, don't look so shocked. She changed her name on the morning we came away."

"What!" Wilson exclaimed. "Is she Mrs. Bathurst? I am glad, Bathurst. Shake hands again. I felt sure that if you did rescue her that was what would come of it. I was almost certain by her way when I talked to her about you one day that she liked you. I was awfully spoony on her myself, you know, but I knew it was no use and I would rather by a lot that she married you than anyone else I know. But come along into my tent; you know your troop and ours are going to be joined. We have lost pretty near half our fellows either in the fights coming up or by sunstroke or fever since we came here. I got hold of some fizz in the bazaar yesterday, and I am sure you must be thirsty. This is a splendid business. I don't know that I ever felt so glad of anything in my life," and he dragged them away to his tent.

Bathurst found, to his disappointment, that intense as was the desire to push forward to Lucknow, the general opinion was that the general would not venture to risk his little force in an operation that, with the means at his disposal, seemed well nigh impossible. Cholera had made considerable ravages, and he had but fifteen hundred bayonets at his disposal. All that could be done pending the arrival of reinforcements was to prepare the way for an advance and to hold in front that the enemy would be compelled to draw a large force from Lucknow to oppose his advance.

A bridge of boats was thrown across the Ganges, and the force crossed the river and advanced to Onao, eight miles on the road to Lucknow. Here the enemy strongly fortified, barred the way, but they were attacked, and, after hard fighting, defeated, with a loss of three hundred men and fifteen guns.

In the fight the volunteer horse, who had been formed into a single troop, did good service. One of their two officers was killed; and as the party last up from Lucknow had all full of Bathurst's rescue of Miss Hannay from Cawnpore, and Wilson and the doctor influenced the others, he was chosen to fill the vacancy.

There were two other fierce fights out at Busseratgunge, and then Bathurst had the satisfaction of advancing with Outram against Bithoor. Here again the enemy fought sturdily, but were defeated with great slaughter, and the Nana's palace was destroyed.

When, after the arrival of Outram with reinforcements, the column set out for Lucknow, the volunteers did not accompany them, as they would have been useless in marching fights and were therefore detailed to form part of the little force left at Cawnpore to hold the city and check the rebels, parties of whom were swarming round it.

The officer in command of the troop died of cholera a few days after Havelock's column started up, and Bathurst succeeded him. The work was very arduous, the men being almost constantly in their saddles, and having frequent encounters with the enemy. Bathurst was again much disappointed at being left behind when Sir Colin Campbell advanced to the relief of Havelock and the garrison, but was more than their share of fighting in the desperate struggle when the mutineers of the Gwalior contingent attacked the force we mention during the absence of the relieving column. Here they were almost annihilated in a desperate charge which saved the 64th from being cut to pieces at the most critical moment of the fight.

Wilson came out of the struggle with the loss of his left arm and two or three more wounds. He had been cut off and surrounded, and was falling from his horse when Bathurst cut his way to rescue, and lifting him into his saddle before him succeeded, after desperate fighting, in carrying him off, himself receiving several wounds, none of which, however, were severe. The action had been mentioned, and Bathurst's name was sent in for the Victoria Cross. As the troop had dwindled to a dozen sabres he applied to Sir Colin Campbell, whose column had arrived in time to save the force at Cawnpore and to defeat the enemy, to be attached to a regiment as a volunteer. The general, however, at once offered him a post as aide de camp to himself, as his perfect knowledge of the language would render him of great use; and he gladly accepted the offer.

With the rescued party from Lucknow was the doctor.

"Of the way, Bathurst," he said, on the evening of his return, "I met an old acquaintance in Lucknow; you would never guess who it was—Forster."

"You don't say so, doctor!"

"Yes; it seems he was hotly pursued, but managed to shake the Sowars off. At that time the garrison was not so closely besieged as it afterwards was. He knew the country well, and made his way across it until within sight of Lucknow. At night he crept right through the rebels, swam the river and gained the Residency. He distinguished himself greatly during the siege, and had been desperately wounded the day before we marched in. He was in a ward that was handed over to me directly I got there, and I at once saw that his case was a hopeless one. The poor fellow was heartily glad to see me. Of course he knew nothing of what had taken place at Deennuggur after he had left, and was very much cut up when he heard the fate of almost all the garrison. He listened quietly when I told him how you had rescued Isobel and of your marriage. He was silent, and then said: 'I am glad to hear it, doctor. I am glad to hear that she escaped. Bathurst fairly won her. I never thought he was good for much.' Well, I assure he wasn't a coward after all. And you say he has resigned and come up as a volunteer instead of going home with his bride? That is lucky, anyhow. Well, I am glad. I should not have been if I hadn't been like this, doctor; but now I am out of the running for good I take more odds to me either way. If ever you see him again, you tell him I said I was glad. I expect he will make her a deucedly better husband than I should have done. I never liked Bathurst, but I expect it was because he was a better fellow than most of us—that was at school, you know—and of course I did not take to him at Deennuggur. No one could have taken to a man there who could not stand fire. But you say he has got over that, and is all right. Anyhow, I have no doubt he will make her happy. Tell her I am glad, doctor. I thought at one time—but that is no odds now. I am glad she cared for him.

"And then he rambled on about shooting tigers, and did not say anything more sensible until the last night. He was sitting up, but he had been unconscious for some time, and he opened his eyes suddenly and said, 'Tell them both I am glad,' and those were the last words he spoke."

"He was a brave soldier, a fine fellow in many ways," Bathurst said; "if he had been brought up differently he would have been a grand fellow, with all his gifts, but I fancy he never got any home training. Well, I am glad he didn't die as we supposed, without a friend beside him, on his way to Lucknow, and that he fell after doing his duty to the women and children there."

Wilson refused to go home after the loss of his arm, and as soon as he recovered was appointed to one of the Sikh regiments, and took part in the final conquest of Lucknow two months after the fight at Cawnpore. A fortnight after the conclusion of that terrible struggle, Sir Colin Campbell announced to Bathurst that amongst the despatches that he had received from home that morning was a *Gazette*, in which his name appeared among those to whom the Victoria Cross had been granted.

"I congratulate you heartily, Mr. Bathurst," the old officer said; "I have had the pleasure of speaking in the highest terms of the bravery you displayed in carrying my messages through heavy fire a score of times during the late operations."

Great as the honor of the Victoria Cross always is, to Bathurst it was much more than to other men. It was his rehabilitation. He need never fear now that his courage could be questioned, and the report that he had before left the army because he lacked courage would be for ever silenced now that he could write V. C. after his name. The pleasure of Dr. Wade and Wilson was scarcely less than his own. The latter's regiment had suffered very heavily in the struggle at Lucknow, and he came out of it a captain, having escaped without a wound.

A week later Bathurst resigned his appointment. There was still much to be done, and months of marching and fighting before the rebellion was quite stamped out; but there had now arrived a force ample to overcome all opposition, and there was no longer a necessity for the sacrifice of civil ease. As he had already left the service of the company he was his own master, and therefore started at once for Calcutta.

"I shall not be long before I follow you," the doctor said, as they spent their last evening together. "I shall wait and see this out, and then retire. I should have liked to have gone home with you, but it is out of the question. Our hands are full, and likely to be for some time, so I must stop."

Bathurst stopped for a day at Patna to see Rujub and his daughter. He was received as an expected guest, and after spending a few hours with them he continued his journey. At Calcutta he found a letter awaiting him from Isobel, saying that she had arrived safely in England, and should stay with her mother until his arrival, and there he found her.

"I expected you to-day," she said, after the first rapturous greeting was over. "Six weeks ago I woke in the middle of the night and heard Rabda's voice distinctly say, 'He has been with us today; he is safe and well; he is on his way to you.' As I knew how long you would take going down from Patna, I went the next day to the office and found which steamer you would catch and when she would arrive. My mother and sister both regarded me as a little out of my mind when I said you would be right in time, but they have now the slightest belief in what I told them about Rujub, and insist that it is all a sort of hallucination brought on by my sufferings. Perhaps they will believe now."

"Your face is wonderfully better," he said presently. "The marks seem dying out, and you look a most like your old self."

"Yes," she said. "I have been to one of the great doctors, and he says that he thinks the scars will quite disappear in time."

Isobel Bathurst has never again received any distinct message from Rabda, but from time to time she has consciousness, when sitting quietly alone, that the girl is with her in thought. Every year letters and presents are exchanged, and to the end of their lives she and her husband will feel that their happiness is chiefly due to her and her father—Rujub the Juggler.

THE END.

Professional Pride.

Jaggers (to Dr. Paresis)—You know Dr. Kapsool, I suppose?

Dr. Paresis (coldly)—He's no doctor. Why, he's an advertiser!

Jaggers (half an hour later, to Dr. Kapsool)—By the way, doctor, I was talking to Dr. Molar about you.

Dr. Kapsool (interrupting)—My dear Jaggers, will you tell me please, why you dignify Molar with the title doctor? Don't you know that he is nothing but a dentist?

Jaggers (next day, to Dr. Molar)—Now, this man on the next street, Dr. Powders——

Dr. Molar (hastily)—Dr. Powders! You surely don't mean to apply the dignified prefix doctor to an ordinary veterinary surgeon? You were surely joking, Jaggers.

Jaggers (second day after, to Dr. Powders)—Dr. Paresis was telling me the other day that you are sorry of weather.

Dr. Powders (with a deprecatory gesture)—Don't talk to me about Paresis! He's no doctor. Why, sir, if I had a yellow dog that was sick I wouldn't trust the case to him. He ought to be a butcher.

A Cool Spot

There's one cool spot on earth—yes, one.
O, could I clutch to my heart
And all day long I sat hang upon
The back step of the ice-man's cart!

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WALKER 147 Yonge Street

She Spoke Without Thinking.

Dolly—It's absurd of you to say I am thirty. Bertha—Well, you know you were born in '60, and—

Dolly (indignantly)—It does not matter. You might at least have until doomsday and then I wouldn't be a day older.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR THE TIRED BRAIN

from over-exertion. Try it.

Good Game.

"Did yo' hab any luck gunnin' fo' birds, Mr. Shootley?"

"Yes, indeed, honey—two roosters, one pullet, an' a shanghai."

Accommodating Herself.

She—I want to look at some bustles.

Clerk—Why, madam, bustles are no longer worn.

She—You don't know what you are talking of. I am going to visit friends in St. Louis.

BEECHAM'S PILLS sell well because they cure.

The Rheumatic Tire.

Mrs. Buskom—What is the matter with Mr. Green? He looks dreadful.

Mrs. Green—He's been learning to ride a bicycle, and he thinks the rheumatic tire was too much for him.

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months one of the best Family Journals published (64 long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

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Of all Grades and Standards.

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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS

Of high class Syrups in 2lbs, 3 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

The Sixth Bench.

She was in earnest; he was not. When that state of things exists everything may happen. The occurrence may be commonplace, comic or tragic, depending on the temperament and experience of the woman. In this instance the result was merely an appointment—which both of them kept.

Hector McLane came to Paris with noble resolutions, a theory of color and a small allowance. Paris played havoc with all of these. He was engaged to a nice girl at home, who believed him destined to become a great painter—a delusion which McLane shared.

He entered with great zest into the life of a Parisian art student, but somehow the experience did not equal his anticipations. What he had read in books—poetry and prose—had thrown a halo around the Latin quarter, and he was therefore disappointed in finding the halo missing. The romance was sordid and mercenary, and after a few months of it he yearned for something better.

In Paris you may have nearly everything—except the something better. It exists, of course, but it rarely falls in the way of the usually impecunious art student. So it happened, that as luck was not against the young man, he found it when he abandoned the search for it.

McLane's theory was that art had become too sombre. The world was running overmuch after the subdued in color. He wanted to be able to paint things as they were, and was not to be deterred if his pictures were called gaudy. He obtained permission to set up his easel in the Church of Notre Dame, and in the dim light there he endeavored to place on canvas some semblance of the splendor of color that came through the huge rose window high above him. He was discouraged to see how opaque the colors in the canvas were as compared with the translucent hues of the great window. As he leaned back with a sigh of defeat, his wandering eyes met, for one brief instant, something more beautiful than the stained glass, as the handiwork of God must always be more beautiful than the handiwork of man. The fleeting glimpse was of a melting pair of dark limpid eyes, which, meeting his, were instantly veiled, and then he had a longer view of the sweet face they belonged to. It was evident that the young girl had been admiring his work, which was more than he could hope to have the professor at Julien's do. Lack of assurance was never considered, even by his dearest friend, to be among McLane's failings. He rose from his painting stool, bowed, and asked her if she would not sit down for a moment; she could see the—the—painting so much better. The girl did not answer, but turned a frightened look upon him, and fled under the wing of her kneeling duenna, who had not yet finished her devotions. It was evident that the prayers of the girl had been briefer than those of the old woman in whose charge she was. Where the need is greater the prayer is often the shortest. McLane had one more transitory glimpse of those dark eyes as he held open the swinging door. The unconscious woman and the conscious girl passed out of the church.

This was how it began.

The painting of the colored window of Notre Dame now occupied almost all the time at the disposal of Hector McLane. No great work is ever accomplished without unwaried perseverance. It was remarkable that the realization of this truth came upon him just after he had definitely made up his mind to abandon the task. Before he allowed the swinging door to close he had resolved to pursue his study in color. It thus happened, incidentally, that he saw the young girl again and again, always at the same hour, and always with the same companion. Once he succeeded, unnoticed by the elder, in slipping a note into her hand, which he was pleased and flattered to see she retained and concealed. Another day he had the joy of having a few whispered words with her in the dim shadow of one of the gigantic pillars. After that, progress was comparatively easy.

Her name was Yevette, he learned, and he was amused to find with what expert dexterity a perfectly guileless and innocent little creature such as she was managed to elude the vigilance of the aged and experienced woman who had her in charge. The stolen interviews usually took place in the little park behind Notre Dame. There they sat on a bench facing the fountain, or walked up and down on the crunching gravel under the trees. In the afternoons they walked in the secluded part of the park, in the shadow of the great church. It was her custom to send him dainty little notes telling him when she expected to be in the park, giving the number of the bench, for sometimes the duenna could not be eluded and was seated there with Yevette. On these occasions McLane had to content himself with gazing from afar.

She was so much in earnest that the particular emotion which occupied the place of conscience in McLane's being was troubled. He thought of the nice girl at home, and fervently hoped nothing of this would ever reach her ears. No matter how careful a man is, chance sometimes plays him a scurvy trick. McLane remembered instances, and regretted the world was so small. Sometimes a cry of recognition from one on the pavement to a comrade in the park, shouted across the iron railings, sent a shiver through McLane. Art students had an uncomfortable habit of roaming everywhere, and they were boisterous in hailing an acquaintance. Besides, they talked and McLane dreaded having his little intrigue the joke of the school. At any moment an objectionable art student might drop into the park to sketch the fountain, or the nurses and children, or the back of the cathedral at one end of the park, or even the low, gloomy, unimposing front of the morgue at the other.

He was an easy-going young fellow, who hated trouble, and perhaps, knowing that the inevitable day of reckoning was approaching, this accounted for the somewhat tardy awakening of his conscience.

He sometimes thought it would be best simply to leave Paris without any explanation, but he remembered that she knew his address, having written to him often, and that by going to the school she could easily find out where his home was. So if there was to be a scene it was much better that it should take place in Paris, rather than where the nice girl lived.

He nerved himself up many times to make the explanation and bring on the avalanche, but when the time came he postponed it. But the inevitable ultimately came. He had some difficulty at first in getting her to understand the situation clearly, but when he at last succeeded there was no demonstration. She merely kept her eyes fixed on the gravel and gently withdrew her hand from his. To his surprise she did not cry nor even answer him, but walked silently to and fro with downcast eyes in the shadow of the church. No one, he said, would ever occupy the place in his heart that she held. He was engaged to the other girl, but he had not known what love was until he met Yevette. He was bound to the other girl by ties he could not break, which was quite true, because the nice girl had a rich father. He drew such a pathetic picture of the loveless life he must in the future lead, that a great wave of self-pity surged up within him and his voice wavered. He felt almost resentful that she should take the separation in such an unemotional manner. When a man gets what he most desires he is still unsatisfied. This was exactly the way he hoped she would take it.

All things come to an end, even explanations.

"Well, good-bye, Yevette," he said, holding out his hand. She hesitated an instant, then, without looking up, placed her small palm in his.

They stood thus for a moment under the trees, while the fountain beside them plashed and trickled musically. The shadow of the church was slowly creeping towards them over the gravel. The park was deserted, except by themselves. She tried gently to withdraw her hand, which he retained.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Yevette?" he asked, with a touch of reproach in his voice. She did not answer. He held her fingers, which were slipping from his grasp, and the shadow touched her feet.

"Yevette, you will at least kiss me good-bye?"

She quickly withdrew her hand from his, shook her head and turned away. He watched her until she was out of sight, and then walked slowly towards his rooms on the Boulevard St. Germain. His thoughts were not comfortable. He was disappointed in Yevette. She was so clever, so witty, that he had at least expected she would have said something cutting, which he felt he thoroughly deserved. He had no idea she could be so heartless. Then his thoughts turned to the nice girl at home. She, too, had displeased him in her character that were somewhat bewildering to an honest young man. Her letters for a long time had been infrequent and unsatisfactory. It couldn't be possible that she had heard anything. Still, there was nothing so easy as point-blank denial, and he would see to that when he reached home.

An explanation awaited him in his rooms on the boulevard. There was a foreign stamp on the envelope, and it was from the nice girl. There had been a mistake, she wrote, but happily she had discovered it before it was too late. She bitterly reproached herself, taking three pages to do it in, and on the fourth page he gathered that she would be married by the time he had the letter. There appeared to be no doubt that the nice girl fully realized how basely she had treated a talented, hard-working, aspiring, sterling young man, but the realization had not seemingly postponed the plunging of the wedding bells to any appreciable extent.

Young McLane crushed the letter in his hand and used strong language, yet he felt he was perfectly justified in doing. He laughed a hard, dry laugh at the perfidy of woman. Then his thoughts turned towards Yevette. What a pity it was she was not rich! Like so many other noble, talented men, he realized he could not marry a poor woman. Suddenly it occurred to him that Yevette might not be poor. The more he pondered over the matter the more astonished he was that he had ever taken her poverty for granted. She dressed richly and had cost money in Paris. He remembered that she wore a watch which flashed with jewels on one occasion when he had seen it for a moment. He wished he had postponed his explanation for one more day; still that was something easily remedied. He would tell her he had thrown over the other girl for her sake. Like a page there came to him the remembrance that he did not know her address, nor even her family name. Still she would be sure to visit the little park and he would haunt it until she came. The haunting would give additional point to his story of consuming love. Anyhow, nothing could be done that night.

In the morning he was overjoyed to receive a letter from Yevette, and he was more than pleased when he read its contents. It asked for one more meeting behind the church.

"I could not tell you to-day," she wrote, "all I felt. To morrow you shall know if you meet me. Do not fear that I will reproach you. You will receive this letter in the morning. At twelve o'clock I shall be waiting for you on the sixth bench on the row south of the fountain—the sixth bench—the farthest from the church.

"YEVETTE."

McLane was overjoyed at his good luck. He felt that he hardly merited it. He was early at the spot and sat down on the last bench of the row facing the fountain. Yevette had not yet arrived, but it was still half an hour before the time. McLane read the morning paper and waited. At last the bells all around him chimed the hour of twelve. She did not come. This was unusual, he always reasoned. She might not have succeeded in getting away. The quarter and then the half hour passed before McLane began to suspect that he had been made the victim of a practical joke. He dismissed the thought. Such a thing was so unlike her. He walked around the little park, hoping he had mistaken the row of benches. She was not there. He read the letter again. It was plain enough—the sixth bench. He counted the benches, beginning at the church. One—two—three—four—five. There were only five benches in the row.

As he gazed stupidly at the fifth bench a man beside him said:

"That is the bench, sir."

"What do you mean?" cried McLane, turning toward him, astonished at the remark.

"It was there that the young girl was found dead this morning—poisoned they say."

McLane stared at him—and then he said huskily:

"Who—who was she?"

"Nobody knows that—yet. We will soon know, for everybody, as you see, is going into the morgue. She's the only one on the bench to-day. Better go before the crowd gets greater. I have been twice."

McLane sank on the seat and drew his hand across his forehead.

He knew she was waiting for him on the sixth bench—the farthest from the church.—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

She—What would you do if you were rich?
He—Ask you to be my wife.

Explained

He—My, my, how the trees outside there are moaning and sighing to day.
She—So would you if you were as full of green apples as they are.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ARTHUR.—I delineated your writing months ago. Did you not see it?

BLUE OR HEATHER.—Are your poetic sentiments original? I think they are not, and you know quotations are not admissable as studies. You can send me a few lines of less compromising confessions, and I will study them as soon as they arrive.

JULIA.—Your writing is rather a refined and sensitive nature, discreet but frank, slightly nervous, and though constant and determined yet apt to depend on others; strong opinions and economical habits, love of order and a good deal of detail, not very great love of ease, and decided individuality are shown.

TOMMY.—There is some lack of care in your writing, but it is a good honest business hand. It shows some energy, ambition, hope and generosity, you have a good deal of the love of constancy and not great liking for change; discretion and caution are in word and deed, with good conversation and a decided appreciation of life's good things.

LUCINDA.—1 Identity and original and independent thought are shown; love of society, but excellent discretion; good taste, refinement, self-control and caution are visible; decided persistence in effort, excel ent method and due regard for detail, capability of success in business and of ease and comfort. 2. I could not possibly say, but in the above delineation I see nothing to hinder.

GALATEA.—1. Please read rules in another issue. 2. Your enclosure. Your over writing shows force of will, rather a lively nature, some temper, taste for art, love of ease, rather lack of sympathy and decided independence, with some originality. You are passably cautious, constant and contented, and can say a smart thing on occasion; rather generous mind, and a sturdy energy that leads one to this study.

PANSIES.—Your writing shows rather a practical nature, good ability, some refinement, a rather caustic and quick temper, grace in fancy and rather good method, love of order and perfect work. You are not humorous, not apt to be led away by visionary plans, rather quite the reverse. I think you would succeed in any position requiring good application rather than originality, and you are to be trusted.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.—Strong impulse and will, rather erratic tendencies, some love of novelty and excitement, subject to moods, but decidedly amiable; has taste, but either from indolence or lack of opportunity has not thoroughly developed it. Can adapt himself to circumstance, and though not indifferent would be rather disposed to take things as they come so far as creature comforts are concerned. Very reasonable, and the practical much stronger than the romantic. Altogether a sensible and energetic soul, though at times wayward; always honest and reliable.

MARGUERITE M. Lindsay.—1. The *Lake Magazine*, published in Toronto. 2. Articles are sent in on subjects selected by the author, according to his circumstances, knowledge and the general public interest at the time. For instance, an article on Croquet or the Franco-Prussian War would be consigned to the W. F. B., able though they might be, on account of their lack of interest at the present time. I suppose editors sometimes request well known writers to take certain subjects, before the public, and write on them, but one has to have some reputation beforehand.

SEWARROW.—1. Hasty and impulsive feeling, tact, sympathy and some sense of humor are shown. Writer is somewhat selfish, but not in a disagreeable or mean way; has sufficient imagination to flavor his good business ideas, and a very healthy belief in himself. I am afraid he is too uncertain in his affections, and though fond of good things too apt to want them as his due. 2. I think your writing legible and attractive, and the cut rather approved of the letter unaffected and creditable. Sometimes I am afraid you think too much of what people think of you and are disposed to fancy things.

PRAYLSKITT.—I am always ready to *oblige* you, my dear. Won't you please spell it without a "d." A second has *Gumpy*. Your writing shows carelessness, formalism and lack of originality, excessive identity and exaggerated actions. Be practical, sort your letters into wastebasket, dot your "i's" and cross your "t's," don't be so sentimental and self-assertive, spare some thoughts for your neighbors, cultivate your taste, and for mercy's sake study to express yourself so that one can tell what you mean. Perpskitty's your name, and perpskitty's my condition after wading through your one ultisy sentence.

PAUTRICK.—That is the *mon de plume* you have written, though I don't know if you intended it to go just that way. The study has a Toronto address. You are markedly idealistic, impulsive and quick-tempered. At the same time your thought is deliberate, and your affections don't think second thoughts are very apt to be best with you. Judgment is rather uncertain and your temper uncertain. Writer has enough decision and is neither unduly hopeful, nor yet apt to despond. Some fair amount of order and good appearances are shown; discretion is visible, and reticence is sometimes marked.

H. F. H.—1. We shall be glad to see you, Winnipeg—that is if you know better and come back before you see this answer. It is a long time, but *que voulez-vous?* Each is answered in turn. 2. Your writing shows caution and discretion, but a hearty nature, love of comfort and good things generally, energy, imagination and a fair-rate grasp of affairs. You can storm on occasion, but your energy is short-lived, and when you make up your mind on anything you generally get there. A little more style and polish would not hurt you, likewise some self control, but you are an interesting study and no doubt a stirring man.

WILL.—1. At last your enclosure is due for a delineation. I do not at all forget you nor yet the delineation I gave you many months ago. 2. The study before me shows refinement, ease of manner, a little carelessness, nervous energy and love of beauty, sympathy and tact. Writer is fond of conversation, decidedly bright and rather impatient of results, rather emotional and impulsive, and is some leading traits the exact opposite of your worthy self. There is a breezy and happy unconcern very foreign to your quiet and self-controlled manner. I was glad to see your hieroglyphics again, Will, bad pen and all! Do you wish the study returned?

BRITISH WHIG INDIAN.—This peculiar and characteristic study shows marked artistic and cultured taste, great uprightness of conduct, hope and ambition, but good self-control. The writer is apt to desire applause and always has an eye to effect, but would not descend to unworthy means to secure either. Sympathy and almost infinite judgment in difficult matters, a very strong and persistent purpose, constancy in affection and conservatism are shown. Writer is perhaps a little fond of display and, while well able to express sentiment, should be careful to "prune" a little. The general disposition is sunny and lovable, and all the strongest tendencies are elevating.

EVANGELINE.—Some force and great positiveness are shown in this writing. Refinement and gentleness are lacking. Its evidences are of some decided combine traits. The writer is headstrong, perhaps bigoted in opinion, rather prejudiced and apt to speak hastily and over frankly, probably gives little for appearances, nor care in details. A certain impulse guides many actions, which might be toned down and bled. Writer is fond of her own way, and prone to think little of the feelings of others; at the same time has some good traits, is capable of a good deal of love and true in dealings. Temper is good and heart generous. As a man I could understand you, Evangeline; as a girl I must confess you puzzle me, unless you're quite young.

FROLIC.—1. I hope by this time you are an accomplished rider, but in case you are not, the only "pointer" I can give you is much the same as that given to get a first-rate instructor. I know so-called instructors who never told their pupils the use of the bridle, or even how to balance until serious mishaps proclaimed their ignorance. One other pointer is to have proper cycling garments and shoes. When I see girls trying to learn to wheel in ordinary print gowns and starchy skirts and high-heeled shoes it makes me tired, almost as tired as they are! 2. I did not find the roads in that locality very bad. They were dusty, but *que voulez-vous?* It hadn't rained for nine weeks! 3. I am at present engaged a pacemaker Racine and don't find anything wrong with it. 4 Certainly you can wheel into the country, escorted by a gentleman. Wheeling is not buggy riding, and all the wheeling women have good level heads and common sense. I have yet to meet the first foolish woman—cyclist. You might get a baby seat and take some juvenile out on it if you feel uncomfortable without a third party, but I don't believe you are such an ass. 5. Your writing shows great animation and some power of thought and action; good method, slight lack of taste, generosity and self-assertion are plain, temper is variable, but rather attractive and common sense good.

Thought He Could Hear It.

Niece—Here's your ear-trumpet, Uncle Canteer.

Uncle Canteer—I guess I won't take it tonight. I read in the paper that the lecturer has been heard from Maine to California.

De Senectute

Cholly—Peters, how old am I?
Peters—Eighteen to-morrow, sir.
Cholly—Deah me! Peters, look carefully for gray hairs this morning.—*Truth.*

No Hurry.

Mistress—You know how to make bread I presume?

New Girl—No, mum. No use learnin' such things till after I gets married.

A Dry Goods Genius.

Clerk—How shall I mark these goods?

Old Tapeyard—Just figure out fifty per cent. profit and add seven odd cents, so the women will think it's a bargain.

Professor—You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age he had already conquered the world.

Student—Well, you see he had Aristotle for a teacher. If he had had you it would have been very different.

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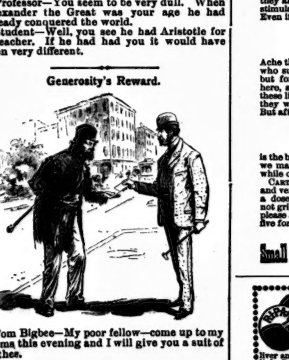

Tom Bigbee—My poor fellow—come up to my rooms this evening and I will give you a suit of clothes.

Mrs. Goldust—Are you sure that is the Mr. Thomas Bigbee we met at the Pier last year?

Caramella Goldust—I'm sure. And he has on the same suit of clothes he wore then. Who would have believed so nice a man could ever become so bloated and degraded looking in one short year!

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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
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Dunn's Mustard

Music.

AT LAST the musical season may be said to have opened, the Grand Opera House having made its opening with the Tar and Tartar on Monday evening last, before quite an audience of first nighters who all seemed quite pleased to see the show and each other. I did not see the opera when it was performed here last year, and must confess to some slight disappointment at what I saw and heard. The music is frequently ambitious and generally tuneful, and yet very little of it lingers in one's mind. The orchestration necessitated some additions to the regular forces of the opera house, especially in the wind parts, but the strings were left entirely too weak for either balance or good tone. The conductor, Mr. Joseph Nicol, is evidently a capable man, for his chorus is one of the best that has come to Toronto in comic opera. Good voices and capable singing together with excellent training are the salient features of the chorus. I was especially pleased with the crispness and precision everywhere observable in the chorus work. The stage work of these ladies and gentlemen was excellent.

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Of course, everyone wanted to see Miss Evelyn Severs, and it was not long before she was found. She has evidently not yet worn off the strangeness of her new surroundings, but that will no doubt soon be remedied. I understand she is understudying one of the parts, and she may find her opportunity in a short time. One very effective number in the chorus work was the opening serenade for ladies' voices in the second act. This is prettily harmonized and effectively sung. In it there is a small solo for contralto, sung by a young lady with a very pretty voice and good style. The singing of the other principals was very fair, but only very fair. Miss Jessie Myers, as Taffeta, is a clever little soubrette, with a voice which is sweet though not large, yet very effective in *ensemble* numbers. Her acting is bright and sprightly, and she won much applause. Miss Louise Royce, as Farina, sings acceptably, and has a fine stage presence, and Matilda Cottrelly, (I do not know whether to call her Mrs. or Miss) was very effective in her heroics.

•

She sang a nightmare made up of what Mozart, Verdi and Wagner would have written had they composed the old German air Kam Ein Vogel Geflogen. This was so palpably an imitation of a very clever programme number once presented here by Gilmore's band, that for many present it lost its interest. I think that among the singing people Mr. William Pruette was the favorite. He sang extremely well at times, though the amount of ululating vibrato with which he decorated his voice frequently made his singing tedious. He is a good actor, sings with fire and expression and is not too old to give up an uncertainty in his voice productions which unpleasantly suggests false intonation. Tar and Tartar is in one respect, as given this week, a unique comic opera. It has no tenor part in it. Of course such a trifle does not amount to much, and the old-fashioned people who look for that sort of thing simply must go without. It has plenty of the broad, low comedy element in it which goes to make up the modern American comic opera.

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Farce comedy is good enough in its way, but surely it is degrading the name of opera when we find a man slung across the stage by the strong arm of a virago, and another turning a standing somersault and then answering with a long face a question put to him. This seems to me to be hammering comedy into an audience with a club. The gallery approves of this sort of thing and therefore it goes. Tar and Tartar is not so full of this nonsense as some other, so-called comic operas, but it has enough. Still, the gentlemen who this week gladden us with their ground and lofty tumbling are funny. Mr. Fred Frear, as the Tar, was extremely good, sings well and acts well. He introduced a new topical song, He'd Had It Done to Him Before, which was about the emptiest and mildest we have had turned on here. Mr. Robert Watson as Khartoon, the purveyor of amusements to the Sultan, evidently is a distinguished acrobat of some ability as a comedian. The famous medley of American national airs is a clever arrangement and must have found great favor across the lake. Here it is simply a curiosity in musical carpentry, and as such should not have been received with signs of disapproval, though I can hardly find fault with the sentiment which makes our gallery jealous of what may be considered a eulogy of our neighbors. A word of praise is due to the excellently designed and effectively costumed march in the third act.

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Miss Lillie Kleiser, who is the soprano of the Fay Concert Company in its trans-continental tour, has been winning golden opinions from the press of the places visited. She has everywhere won admiration and applause by her beautiful, sweet voice and sympathetic singing. The company has been engaged to give twenty additional concerts and will return here about the middle of September.

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The denizens of Long Branch thoroughly enjoyed a concert given with thunderstorm accompaniment on Wednesday evening of last week. The performers were: Miss Jardine Thomson, Miss Maud Carter, Miss Henrietta Shipe, the Misses Stanway, Mr. H. K. Cockin, Mr. Moore Kelly and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

•

Miss Minnie Gaylord, who has been studying here for two years with Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. E. W. Schuch, gave a recital at her home in Lincoln, Neb., last week and won the highest encomiums from the local press. The papers are unanimous in praising her voice training and expression. Miss Gaylord returns to Toronto this week for another year's study.

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Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli has resigned the post of organist at the Church of the Redeemer, a position he has occupied for the last three years to the entire satisfaction of the officers and congregation and of all with whom he came in contact.

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Mr. J. Edmund Jaques, instructor in music at the Institute for the Blind at Brantford, has been playing the organ at St. Andrew's Church for the last two months, during the absence of Mr. Edward Fisher, who will now resume his duties.

•

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington have returned from a short period of rest at Peak's Island, Portland.

•

On Sunday last Mr. E. W. Schuch closed his engagement of six and a half years at the Church of the Redeemer. He will assume his new duties at St. James' Cathedral on Sunday next, when he expects to commence with a newly organized choir of over sixty well trained voices.

METRONOME.

TORONTO, August 30, 1892.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of last week I have been made a target for some unkind remarks by "Metronome," relative to the arrangements for the singers at the banquet to the delegates attending the convention of the United Typothetæ of America, held in this city. This is the first and only complaint that has been made, and I regret it for no other reason than that it has been conceded on all sides that the several committees of the Toronto Employing Printers' Association had fulfilled their duties to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. I question whether even this imputation would have been made if the writer of it had not control of your columns and therein found a vent to air an imaginary grievance.

A word of explanation will, I expect, convince every unprejudiced reader of SATURDAY NIGHT that "Metronome" has warped his version of the incident he describes, to convey an impression which is not in accordance with the fact, so far as my action in the matter is concerned. He has also tinged his narrative with a hue which exhibits much less of the "courteous and considerate" than the cause of the complaint lacks, even supposing I had acted as he states.

Permit me to put the matter in its true light. On behalf of the committee I engaged Mr. A. M. Gorrie to supply gentlemen, among whom was "Metronome," to sing at the banquet, who were remunerated for their services. As the accommodation for our guests was found to be insufficient for the full number of those who wished to attend, we had to refuse tickets to over one hundred Toronto members and subscribers. No thought was given to seating those who were employed to furnish songs and therefore no places were provided for them at the tables with the guests. Mr. Gorrie informed me, about fifteen minutes before the banquet commenced, that the gentlemen he brought there had not dined. I at once consulted with the proprietor of the hotel and found that the best he could do was to give them seats at the tables used by his guests in the dining-room—not a "side room, on the side street," as stated—and I gave him directions accordingly, which was the only thing that could be done under the circumstances. If they were so unreasonable as to refuse this and preferred to get their own "sandwiches and ale," I am not accountable for their taste; and if they considered they were treated "like lackeys" by the special attention paid to them, I am not responsible for their peculiar views. All I can say is, that no discrimination was intended and no disparagement conveyed by adopting the only feasible plan at our disposal to seat the singers.

I am inclined to believe that the "bystander" whose mutterings are recorded with such meaningless force, existed only in the imagination of the veracious narrator of the highly-colored episode.

I now leave the public to judge whether I treated the "professional people" discourteously or not, considering that they were paid singers, not guests.

Yours truly,

A. F. RUTTER.

Toronto College of Music.

The recently issued calendar for 1892 93 of the Toronto College of Music is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet of some eighty pages. By it we see that the progress of the institution has been something remarkable, not merely from the standpoint of attendance (which, of course, has been very large) but also in its symmetrical and complete development. It now, in fact, represents to music what the University of Toronto does to ordinary education. Mr. Torrington, the musical director, has moulded the college upon an evidently clearly and carefully pre-conceived plan, and he, with his board of directors, is to be congratulated upon the results obtained.

In building up the very large staff of teachers Mr. Torrington keeps a watchful eye upon the work of each member and the constantly growing necessities of the institution. We learn, for instance, that some very notable additions have just been made to the staff. Besides Mr. H. H. Field, the distinguished piano virtuoso, there have been engaged for the coming season, opening September 5, Herr R Klamroth, of Leipzig, a specialist in theory, composition and instrumentation, and who studied five years with Jadassohn of Leipzig. Herr Klamroth's father, Eduard Klamroth, was musical director in the service of the Emperor of Russia, and the son's experience has been one of exceptional value. He will teach in the theoretical and Piano departments.

The Vocal receives a valuable addition in the person of Mr. Herbert W. Webster, graduate of the Royal College of Music, London, a pupil of Signora Fazzo and Bisaco of Milan, Italy, has been basa soloist at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, and recently vocal principal of the Dr. Parsons School of Music.

Another most important acquisition has been Herr Fritz Burckhardt, at one time solo violoncellist with the Lamoureux Orchestra, Paris, and who severs a similar connection with the famous Damrosch Orchestra, New York, to join Mr. Torrington.

Among several other new additions to the college faculty, mention must be made of Mrs. Helene Webster, who will teach the mandolin, an instrument which of late years has sprung into great popularity in Europe and America, and in which, both as a player and teacher, Mrs. Webster is a specialist.

•

Fooled Him.

Mother—Mercy me! The dentist has pulled the wrong tooth.

Little Dick (gleefully)—I fooled him bully.

"Fooled him?"

"Yes'm. I told him that was the one. I knew if he touched th' schin one it wd hurt awful."

She Liked It.

White Wash—Does yo' talk poetry, Miss Edif?

Miss Edif—D'ed I does. I jus' lubbin' it.

White Wash—W'at shall I recitin'—sum ob Milton, Byron, or

Miss Edif—No, none o' dem. Recitin' some o' dat soap poetry in de back ob de mag zines.

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We have also in stock a number of Upright Pianos by WEBER, N.Y., and MASON & RISCH, which we are determined TO CLEAR OUT REGARDLESS OF PROFIT. Bargain seekers will find it pay to give us an early call.

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188 Yonge Street, Toronto

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

Miss Florence Way has been spending a few days at Doyle's hotel.

Mrs. Fabian is the guest of Mrs. B. Nash.

Last week's mail from over the ocean brought the unwelcome news of Mrs. Goale Dickson's serious illness. Her many friends are anxiously waiting for further tidings, which they fervently hope may be more reassuring than the last received.

Mrs. James Ardill of Merritton is the guest of her parents, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold.

Rev. F. N. Baldwin of Aylmer, who is spending his holidays at Dalatre Lodge, is recovering slowly from his late serious illness.

Mr. Colin Miller, who so unfortunately injured his ankle last week, is still under the command of his genial medical adviser, Dr. Anderson, and to the regret of his friends will probably remain in enforced retirement during the next two or three weeks.

Mr. Frank Russell has been spending a few days with Mr. A. C. Howe.

Rev. J. C. Garrett, curate-in-charge of St. Mark's church, is away enjoying a well earned holiday.

Mrs. Bartlett, for so many years a resident here, left on Thursday for her future home in England. She was accompanied by Miss Griffith, her bright and fair young relative, who has been her companion since her arrival from England last year. Both will be much missed by their many disconsolate friends, who unite in wishing them *bon voyage* and a safe return some day in the near future.

Last Saturday's hop was scarcely as well attended or as pleasant an one as usual. Possibly the attractions held out for tennis tournament week induced many who might otherwise have attended to reserve their energies and their gayest gowns for that occasion, the result being that a number of familiar faces were absent and the ball room more or less in possession of a large party of our gay American neighbors. Among them were some charmingly bright faces, Miss Carroll, at present visiting friends at Niagara Falls, being one of those who won a great deal of admiring attention. Her dancing was exceedingly graceful while her short dark curls and pretty face elicited many flattering comments. Others present were: Mrs. Ramsay of Queenston, Capt. Brooks and Lieut. Loveridge of Fort Niagara, Mr. H. Rock of London, Mr. F. Russell, the Misses Howard, Miss Burnett, Mr. C. Lansing, Mr. H. Syer, the Misses Winnett, Mr. Moo, Miss Howe, Miss Jarvis, Mr. Porter, the Messrs. P. and E. Ball, Mr. Pacaud, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Hill of Niagara Falls and a number of others.

The concert last Saturday evening at the Chautauqua Amphitheater was the most successful yet held there. It was Mr. W. E. Ramsay's benefit night, and the immense building was well filled by the largest and most appreciative audience of the season, about four hundred, or more, being present.

The annual tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association began last Wednesday at the Queen's Royal Hotel. The first day was fairly fine and the play, which was remarkably good, excited the keenest interest, but the following days brought a serious damper in the form of heavy rain, which not only rendered the continuation of play on Thursday morning impossible but left the lawn in such a wretched condition that even the best players found themselves thoroughly handicapped. On Friday afternoon the matches were played in a fine rain which drove steadily from the east, to the great discomfort and inconvenience of the unhappy but undaunted bowlers, and the disappointment of the many who had confidently counted on being among the onlookers but who realized sorrowfully that attendance under the circumstances would be obviously impracticable. The players, however, were a host in themselves, and looked mainly to one another for applause and encouragement, failing that of spectators, who upon similar occasions have always been so numerous and so unsparing of their praise and appreciation of good play. Mr. A. P. and Mr. T. Scott, the famous champions of the Granite Club, Toronto, played magnificently, as was expected from their previous victories; closely following them in brilliancy of play came Mr. J. Harvey of the Hamilton Thistles, Mr. E. T. Lightbourne, Mr. W. H. Biggar of Belleville, Mr. C. E Ryerson, Mr. A. M. Cosby of the Victorias and Mr. F. O. Cayley of the R. C. Y. C. The chief interest of the tournament was naturally centered in the contest for the Ontario trophy, which after a grandly exciting battle was captured by the Toronto Granite Club. The first prize in the consolation fell to the Prospect Park of Toronto, while the Victorias (Toronto) came second in the consolation and trophy, and won the singles and doubles, leaving Belleville second in the latter. Had it not been for the persistency of the untimely rain, which not only made the play so difficult, but induced a number of the bowlers to surrender to the elements and leave before the singles and doubles, the tournament would undoubtedly have been one of the most successful of the association, as on the first day everything pointed towards that conclusion. The following is a list of those participating: From the Granite Club, Toronto, Messrs. R. C. McHarvie, W. G. Lowe, C. Snelgrove, A. P. Scott, T. M. Scott, W. O Thompson, J. Galt, R. G. Hargraft, C. P. Smith, W. Lawson, J. Baird and J. Patton. The Hamilton Thistles were represented by Messrs. J. Crerar, D. Burns, A. Wilson, S. Read, H. T. Bunbury, J. Smith, T. Hazlett, J. M. Burns, W. Southam, J. Harvey, W. Newell, J. Kerner. The Victoria Rinks of Toronto were: Messrs. J. Tennant, George Biggar, George Furniss, W. A. Wilson, L. A. Tilley, C. Swabey, A. S. Williams, W. B. Smith, H. Ketchum, P. McNally, C. E. Ryerson, W. B. Smith, H. Harman, J. S. Russell, W. B. Haines, J. H. Hovey, Dr. Millman, A. M. Cosby, W. Dickson, H. Totten. Prospect Park, Toronto: Messrs. J. G. Gibson, W. Forbes, H. Williams, J. Lugsdin, T. Monroe, D. Carlisle, W. Duffett, N. L. Patterson, J. W. Corcoran, Q. D. McCulloch. Niagara: Messrs. R. Bishop, F. Best, J. Burns and J. Carnochan. The Hamilton Victorias: Messrs. J. D. McKay, A. Rutherford, E. J. Munroe, D. Dexter, W. Reid, T. T. Kivington, D. McPhie and W. F. Miller. The R. C. Y. Club: Messrs. F. D. Cayley, H. C. Donald, W. Creelman and E. E. Williams.

Mrs. and Miss Kay of Wellington street, Toronto, who have been spending the past few weeks here, left for home on Wednesday.

GALATEA.

HAMILTON.

Last week was one in which lovers of tennis had an opportunity to witness some of the best playing ever seen in Canada. Never was more enthusiasm exhibited on the beautiful grounds of the H.C.C. than at this lawn tennis tournament. The visiting players were: Mrs. Smith of Ottawa, Miss Osborne of Sutton, Miss Whiteaves of Ottawa, Miss Gillespie of Toronto, Miss Nays of St. Catharines, Mr. Avery of Detroit, Mr. Mathews of Toronto, Mr. Fuller of Boston, Messrs. Pope of Toronto. The grounds looked their best, and afternoon tea was served to the many fair ones who graced the grounds every afternoon, arrayed in most bewitching costumes. The best match and most exciting was the one between Miss Osborne and Mrs. Smith, which resulted in a victory well won by the latter. The weather on Thursday and Friday was very disagreeable, but on Saturday there were fully six hundred spectators witnessing the final matches, the weather being all that could be desired. In the men's double, Messrs. Avery and Fuller beat W. C. Mathews and Moreton. Men's singles, Fuller beat Moreton; singles, ladies, Mrs. Smith beat Miss Faulkner; mixed doubles, Miss Osborne and Mr. Moreton beat Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Mathews and Miss Gillespie beat Mr. Moreton and Miss Osborne. Mrs. R. S. Steele presented the prizes, which were exceedingly handsome. Mrs. Smith received a gold bangle bracelet with a lovers' knot of pearls, Miss Gillespie received a handsome pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses, Miss Faulkner a beautiful tennis racquet. Mr. Fuller received the cup, which is to be competed for for three years, and a handsome traveling clock. Mr. Moreton also received a traveling clock.

On Friday evening a most delightful dance was given in honor of the tennis players at the Hamilton Yacht Club at the Beach. The boat left Hamilton at eight o'clock and carried about two hundred people. Among those present were: Mesdames Southam, Garrett, Mackelcan, Barwick of Toronto, Steele, Worthington, Gartshore, Calder, Vallance, Mills, Smith of Ottawa, Misses Gillespie, Faulkner, Osborne, Roe, K. Mills, M. Mills, Dunlop, Walker, Hood, Brown of Woodstock, Cartwright, Walker of Toronto, Hemming, Turner, M. Turner, McKeand, O'Reilly, R. O'Reilly, Baker, Tudor, Vallance, Powis, Moore, Messrs. Gates, H. Gates, Hemming, Gillespie, Ambrose, Davidson, Gansby, Harris, Burns, N. Burns, Glassco, G. Glassco, Southam, D. Southam, Evans, Garrett, Brown, Lyle, Pope, Avery, Moreton, Cawthra, Beardmore, Matthews, W. Ambrose, Ferrie, Leggat and many others. Anderson's orchestra supplied the musical portion and dancing was vigorously indulged in, the evening being cool. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and the boat whistled at eleven thirty, when the merry dancers dispersed.

Miss Bella Brown is the guest of Miss Minnie Mills of Main street.

Mr. Walter Ambrose of Chicago is spending his holidays with friends in Hamilton, and would like to remain in Canada again.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

A Fashionable Shopping Bag.

The small flat hand satchel which was so much used a few years ago for shopping with, did not serve its purpose as to capacity, and was soon displaced by one light and large enough to contain the number of small parcels which a few hours shopping makes it inconvenient to carry loosly in the hand. The bag shown in the cut above is now largely used for this purpose, and is very fashionable in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. A fine grain bag, leather lined, costs about four dollars; genuine alligator, two dollars higher, and can be bought in a number of styles at the handsome store of H. E. Clark & Co., 105 King street west, who supply the above engraving and information.

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Curtain rises at 8.10. Carriages may be ordered for 10 30.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans Von Bulow, in Frankfort in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

B. L. FAEDER, Orchestral Director, Academy of Music, violin soloist and teacher. Franco-Belgian method. Studio 577 Sherbourne st. Telephone 963 Open for concert engagements.

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LEAVING GENOA NOVEMBER 9th

allowing 26 days in Italy, October and November, two finest months in year, to visit Italy. The excursionists will arrive in time to see the great festivities that "Genoa, la Superba" celebrates in honor of her son, Christopher Columbus, in commemoration of the

400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America

And the Italo-American Exhibition which closes in December. Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli, who will accompany the party, has made arrangements that will result in making this excursion through Italy the most complete which has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic.

A limited number of cabins have been secured for this excursion and will be kept on reserve up to the 20th of this month. Return tickets will be valid on any steamers of the North German Lloyd, via Southampton.

Price of return ticket, including first-class cabin passage and railway fares, first-class hotels, guides, carriages, etc., etc., $450.

For full particulars and explanatory circulars, address GIANELLI & CO., 37 Yonge Street, or 16 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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Mantles, Coats, Capes and Cloaks

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We never brought together such a magnificent stock.

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. Walker & Sons

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Miss McLaren of St. John's and Miss R. Gillespie of Toronto are the guests of Miss Gillespie of Emerald street.

Mrs. Wilson of Woodstock and Mrs. Padden of Chicago are the guests of Mrs. Prentice, Fairleigh Park.

Mr. Douglas Braithwaite of Calgary is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hendrie, Holmstead.

Mrs. J. D. Hay of Toronto is a guest at the Holmstead.

Miss Forsythe of Toronto is the guest of Miss Martin, John street south.

Miss Alice Rowe left on Monday evening for Quebec, where she will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch returned from a two weeks' holiday at Penetanguishene, which they enjoyed very much.

Misses Emily Ramsay and Holcroft had a very novel driving party to Niagara Falls last week, leaving on Tuesday and returning on Saturday. The weather was very delightful, so that they could enjoy the charming scenery.

Miss Bessie Bruce has returned from a few weeks spent in Simcoe.

Miss Katie Hendrie of Detroit is the guest of Miss Hendrie, at the Valley Farm, Aldershot.

Mrs. Gartshore and family have returned to town from summering as the Beach.

Mr. A. E. Plaucane of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago, is spending his holidays in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Turner and family have returned from their delightful residence on the Georgian Bay, where they have had jolly house parties during the last two months.

Miss Mabel Brooks and Mr. Walter Boyd's marriage will take place in the cathedral of Christ Church on September 5.

Mrs. Strathy has returned from Niagara Falls, where she has been spending the last two weeks. SYLVIA.

BRANTFORD.

The *elite* of Brantford society were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne at Woodburn on Thursday evening of last week. The spacious drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated and presented a very picturesque effect. Dancing was the order of the evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Baldwin of New Orleans, Misses Crompton, Greer, Nelles, Paton, Brooke, Curtis, Gould, Vannorman, Jarvis, Barr, Pyke, Goodson, Leonard, Bown, Wilkes and Allan, Messrs. Blackader, Van Allan, Reville, Hardy, Yates, Mellor, Winksmith, Stikeman, Leonard, Curtis, Muir, Wisner, Killmaster, Henwood, W. Osborne, H. Osborne, Fairclough and Mulrhead.

A very interesting cricket match is to be played to-day in Paris between Brantford and Paris.

The many friends of Miss Grace McIntosh of B. Y. L. C., are pleased to notice her success at the recent matriculation examination.

Mrs. Robert Henry gave a pleasant dance on Friday evening in honor of her guests.

One of the most successful tennis teas of the season was given last week by Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Greer and Miss Cuttis.

Miss Paton of Liverpool, Eng., and Miss Hatton of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. Osborne.

Mrs. Cotes (Garth Grafton) arrived home this week from India to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duncan.

Mrs. Harry Whitehead and Miss Goold are visiting friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Allan Watts have returned from their honeymoon and are receiving at 110 Brant avenue.

Mrs. (Dr.) King, who has been visiting her mother for the last few weeks, returned to Toronto to-day.

Miss Scarfe arrived home last week, having spent a most enjoyable time in Guelph. Miss Scarfe is accompanied by Miss Wickson of Ingersoll.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowat Duff of Ayr are holidaying at Muskoka.

Mr. Mellor of Wiltshire, Eng., is the guest of Mr. Harry Yates.

Mrs. E. Bunnell and the Misses Bunnell have returned from Muskoka.

Mr. A. D. Hardy and Miss Curtis are visiting friends in Buffalo.

Miss Thompson of Barrie, whose charming face has won much admiration in our city, is the guest of Miss Gibson of Dufferin avenue.

Miss Barr is home from Penetanguishene.

Mr. Arthur Yates is home for a two months' holiday from London, Eng.

A number of matrimonial engagements have taken place this summer; space forbids their announcement this week. SAILOR.

Satisfactory.

"Suppose," said the lady—"now only suppose, understand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident it should slip from the plate to the floor, what should you do in such a case?"

The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking:

"Is it a private family or are there boarders?"

"Boarders," answered the lady.

"Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl.

She was engaged.

A New Dictionary.

Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language will soon be placed on the market. It is intended to displace all other single volume dictionaries. In preparing it over one hundred editors have been employed, among whom are the most prominent scholars of the United States and England. It will consist of nearly 2,200 pages, over 4,000 illustrations, made expressly for this work, and will contain 70,000 more words than any other single volume dictionary. Prof. Theo. W. Hunt, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Princeton, who was allowed to examine the prospectus and sample pages, says that it has the great virtue of being unique and independent. "Three or four of its features are specially commendable. 1. Placing definitions before etymologies. 2 Giving preference to present meanings. 3. Reducing technicalities to a minimum. 4. Giving due emphasis to phonetic spelling. 5. The new treatment of quotations." The last refers to the fact that wherever a quotation is given the volume and page of the author's work containing it are also given. The Standard will sell at $12, but those subscribing in advance will get it for $7. Funk & Wagnall's Toronto office is at 11 Richmond street west.

Toronto's Great Fair.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition opens on Tuesday next, the 6th September, and closes on the 17th. With the enlarged grounds, new half-mile track, new grand stand 700 feet long, many other improvements, and the large number of excellent special attractions provided, the coming Fair will undoubtedly be away ahead of all that preceded it. The entry list in all departments is larger than ever, and the space in all the buildings has been taken. The usual cheap fares and excursions will be given on the railways. The attendance of visitors from all parts of the country will undoubtedly be great.

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Births

ARNOLD—At Collingwood, Aug. 18, Mrs. Harry D. Arnold, of a daughter.
REID—Sydney, Australia, Aug. 20, the wife of Mr. P. Y. Reid, of a son.
GARLAND—At 447 Somerset street, Ottawa, on Sunday, August 22, the wife of John L. Garland, of a son.
BRATTY—August 20, Mrs. Robert Beatty—a daughter.
CURRAN—August 24, Mrs. H. Curran—a daughter.
PYRES—August 27, Mrs. V. E. Pyrke—a daughter.
MORRISON—August 22, Mrs. W. J. Morrison—a son.
STRIKER—August 18, Mrs. F. P. Striker—a daughter.
DUGGAN—August 23, Mrs. T. W. Duggan—a son.
DYRE—August 19, Mrs. T. H. Dyre—a daughter.

Marriages.

LUSK—BROWNELL—August 24, Charles P. Lusk to Mary Ella Vickers Brownell.
McBRIDE—STODDART—August 24, George A. McBride to Etta Victoria Stoddart.
SHUTT—PIDDINGTON—August 24, Robert A. Shutt to Clara Piddington.
LONDON—FISCHER—August, Orville H. London to Eliza Fischer.
WALLEY—STEVENS—August 22, F. G. Walley to May Stevens.
RODEN—RODDEN—August 23, George E. Roden to Ida Rodden.
WILSON—RUSSELL—August 24, R. R. Wilson to Sara Russell.
MILLER—MORRISON—August 24, James M. Miller to Annie Morrison.
FORREST—MORRIS—August 17, Charles Forrest to Edith Morris.
FINDLAY—RICHARDSON—August 24, David A. Findlay to May A. Richardson.
LENNOX—FREEMAN—August 27, Professor Carl Lennox to Frances Freeman.
ABBOTT—OSLER—August 30, Alexander C. Abbott to Georgina Picton Osler.

Deaths.

ELLIOTT—August 29, Maggie Elliott, aged 27.
HARKER—August 20, Robert Harker, aged 64.
ALLBUTT—August 19, Anna Maria Allbutt.
JOHNSTON—August —, Napiera Johnston.
BALLARD—August 26, Mary Ballard, aged 22.
ROWEN—August 30, Daisy Isabella Rowen.
BUCK—August 25, Nellie B. Buck, aged 2 years.
CHEAPE—August —, John Henry Cheape, aged 44.
MAITLAND—August 18, John Maitland.
McPHERSON—August 30, James R. McPherson.
McDOUGALL—August 18, Maggie McDougall, aged 28.
STEWARD—August 28, Caroline Steward.
STEWARD—August 28, Winnifred Steward, aged 1.
GRAINGER—August 24, John Grainger, aged 83.
SAMPSON—August 24, Thomas Sampson, aged 76.
PERRY—August —, Samuel Perry, aged 57.
MACDONALD—August 26, Anne C. Macdonald, aged 69.
MILLS—August 25, Scott Armstrong Mills.
HAYDEN—August —, S. C. Hayden, C.E., Ottawa.
LAUDER—August 30, George F. Lauder, aged 62.
FRASER—August 28, John E. Fraser, aged 32.
SCHLENKER—August 25, T. W. Schlenker, aged 24.
TOOLE—August 24, Agnes Toole.
WAUGH—August 22, Allos Grace Waugh.

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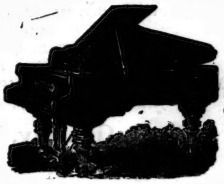

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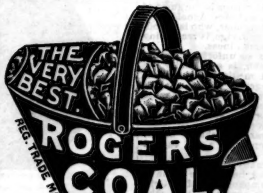

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